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NEWS STAND EDITION

Collier's

The National Weekly

"He is the gentlest memory of our world"

LINCOLN

February 15 1908

Vol XL No 21

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

THE paint that protects the hull of the steamship is not the same as the paint on the outside of the freight house. Different surfaces require different treatments. But they—and all other surfaces—may (and should) have one quality in common: *The Sherwin-Williams quality*—the right quality—the best for the purpose.

IF you know the paints and varnishes you are using on your house or in your home are made by the same maker in the same sure, careful, painstaking way as the paint used on iron bridges, steel buildings, railroad cars and automobiles, you will, we believe, have more confidence in them.

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LARGEST (Because Best) PAINT & VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD
Factories: Cleveland, Chicago, Newark, Montreal, London, Eng.
Sales Offices and Warehouses in 23 Principal Cities
Address all localities in 615 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio
Or, in Canada, 639 Lagauchetiere St., Montreal
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Everyone who believes quality is the most important thing about a surface treatment should write for our booklet, "Who Makes the Best Paints and Varnishes?"

Crank Shaft on Center

Rambler

Crank Shaft Offset

Why The Offset Crank Shaft

One of the greatest improvements in motor construction is the offset crank shaft. Its advantages are positive and direct.

First—By practically eliminating the dead center the efficiency of the motor is greatly increased through the greater leverage and more direct thrust from piston to crank shaft.

Second—Increased life of the motor through reduction of side thrust on cylinder walls and consequent saving in wear.

Third—Reduction in vibration and increased steadiness of running through more direct application of power generated in the cylinders.

Like many other fundamentally good features this must be done right and in the Rambler it is right both theoretically and practically and the result is a motor that combines the highest degree of efficiency with long life and economy of operation. It is this and other features of equal value that make

The Car of Steady Service

Model 34, Price $2,250.

This four cylinder chassis, equipped both as a 5-passenger touring car and 3-passenger roadster. Price of each style $2,250. The Rambler Utility Car with double opposed motor, $1,400.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis.
Branches and Distributing Agencies:
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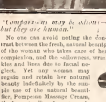
Rub out, to-night, the wrinkles of today

"Complexion may be stolen—but they are famous."

No one can avoid noting the contrast between the fresh, natural beauty of the woman who takes care of her complexion, and the sallowness, wrinkles and lines due to facial neglect. Yet any woman may regain and retain her natural beauty indefinitely by the simple use of the natural beautifier, Pompeian Massage Cream, the largest selling face cream in the world; more than 2,000 jars being made and sold daily.



Pompeian Massage Cream
GIVES A CLEAR, FRESH, VELVETY SKIN

Wrinkles and *crow's-feet* are driven away, sallow-ness vanishes, angles are rounded out and double-chins reduced by the use of Pompeian Massage Cream. Then the clear, fresh complexion, the smooth white throat, the curves of cheek and chin that you envy in others, are yours. Don't envy the woman who has found what Pompeian Massage Cream will do. This is not a "trial" or "grease" cream. The latter have their uses, but they can never do the work of Pompeian Massage Cream. Unlike the Pompeian, greases merely fill the pores. Pompeian Massage Cream, by massage, is taking out all foreign matter that coarse pores, blackheads, sallowness, shiny noses and wrinkles.

TEST IT WITH FREE SAMPLE. Also our illustrated book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin, 50c, or $1.00 a jar, sent postpaid to any part of the world on receipt of price, if your dealer hasn't it.

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Gentlemen:—
Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

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For first class travel only

All overtures to Southern California, via our famous Grand Canon Route, are to the comfort and travel-class passengers.

For set booklet of that kind, address W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr., A. T. & S. F. Railway System, 1118 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

This train of luxury will take your family away from cold weather to sunny California. Has a Pullman for Grand Canyon of Arizona.

The second look
is what gives an advantage
with the busy man. Among
a dozen letters of about the
same import, the one that
is looked at a second time,
and laid on the end of the
desk by itself, is likely to
be the eye-pleasing one
which is written on a hand-
some, letterhead of

The standard paper for business economy

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND
Used for the Whole Letter

"Why did you select that
one from the lot," asked a
partner, when precisely this
happened. "I don't know,"
was the honest reply; "I
suppose it was because the
general look of it pleased
me." When the reasons
are balanced, decision is
made on impulse.

That it pays always to use OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND for commercial stationery is the testimony of prudent business men.

Prove this for yourself—have your printer show you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens, or better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads, billheads, envelopes, noteheads, and engraved wedding forms, and shows colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Please write on your present letterhead.

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"Use only paper which is the world's leading hand paper industry."

South Hadley Falls
Massachusetts

Collier's

New York

Saturday, February 15, 1908

Lincoln. *Cover Design*
From a photograph of the unfinished working model of the statue by A. A. Weinman, to be erected at Hodgenville, Kentucky, Lincoln's native town

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Volume XL. Number 21

Are You Going to Build?

If you are, the two important points to consider are *comfort* and *economy*.

NEPONSET SHEATHING PAPER
Keeps Houses Warm

because it acts as a blanket on the house. It insulates against cold in winter and heat in summer. It makes the walls cold and dampproof; the house free from drafts. It saves you 33⅓% in your coal bill, not one winter but every winter your house stands, and the *comfort* and *economy* is continual and lasting.

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THIS list of hotels is composed of only the best in each city and any statement made can be relied upon absolutely. Travelers mentioning the fact of having selected their stopping place from these columns will be assured excellence of service and proper charges.

Collier's National Hotel Directory

BALTIMORE, MD.
The Rennert. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has attracted cooking fiends.

BOSTON, MASS.
Copley Square. Hotel Huntington Ave., Exeter and Blagden Sts. High-class modern hotels. 500 guestrooms, 500 private baths. $3 up.
United States Hotel. Beach, Kneeland and Lincoln Sts. Entrance also 247 Summer St. Rates $2 per day with bath. A. P. Bell, R. F. Bell, Props. Recognized as exceptionally good hotel.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Margaret. Overlooks St. Peter's Church. Select family hotel. Terms $2.50 per day and up. Family and Transient. Quiet. A. E. Dill, Mgr. Phone Main 1492.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Chicago Beach Hotel. 47th, 51st and Lake Shore. Directly on the finest beach in Chicago. Accessible to all parts of the city by surface cars and elevated trains. Rates $2 per day and upward. Special rates by the week. Illustrated booklet.
Leland. Michigan Boulevard and Jackson Park. Magnificently located and in picturesque environment. Rates $2.50 per day and upward.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
Hotel Sinton. Opposite Post-Office. Magnificently equipped. Large, light sample rooms. Service unsurpassed. Rates, $2.50 per day and upward.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
Hotel Euclid. Euclid Ave. 300 new and handsome rooms. 150 baths. European Plan. $1.50 to $3.00 per day. Fred S. Gross, Prop.

DENVER, COLO.
Brown Palace Hotel. Absolutely fireproof. Service and cuisine unsurpassed. European Plan, $2.50 to $5.00. R. D. Tabor.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
New Denechaud. Most central hotel. Both street and rotunda rooms. Bath in connection with most rooms. Private dining rooms. Rates $2.00 per day and upward.
The Grunewald. $2,000,000. "Unquestionably the best kept hotel in the South." Rates $2.50 per day and upward.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Hotel Endicott. 81st St. and Columbus Ave., Quiet family hotel. Admitting direct parks, museums and drives. European, $1.50 up.
Gilsey House. 29th St. and Broadway. Most conveniently located. Refurbished and refitted. Restaurant at moderate prices. Rooms $1 per day and upward. Transient trade solicited. Central Station.
Grand Union Hotel. Forty-second Street, Depot. Entire block fronting on Park Avenue. Opposite Grand Central Station. Rooms $2 per day and upward. Restaurant at moderate prices. Brewster & Co., Props.
Latham. 28th and 29th Sts. and Fifth Ave. Very heart of New York. 150 rooms, $1.50 and up. With bath, $2.00 and up. H. C. Hilcher, Manager.

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SAN DIEGO, CAL.
The Coronado. Unsurpassed for climate, beach and environment. Write for booklet. Tariff reduced. Under management of Coronado Beach Company.
De Soto Hotel. Savannah's leading hotel. Location unexcelled. Rates $2.50 per day and upward. Beautifully furnished. Noted for its cuisine. Recently refitted. Rotisherie & Grill. A. R. E. Pinkus, Proprietor.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
Hotel Ryan. The leading hotel of the Northwest. Centrally located. Fireproof. European plan $1 50 and up. Alfred A. Pinnick, Proprietor.

SEATTLE, WASH.
Savoy Hotel. Concrete, steel and marble. In theatre and shopping district. 300 rooms, 175 baths. English grill. $1 up. "75 stories of solid comfort."

WASHINGTON, D. C.
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JAMES WOODS, Manager

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RATES (European Plan) single rooms $2.00 upward. Double rooms $3.50 upward. Rooms with bath $2.50 upward. Parlor, bedroom and bath from $10 upward.

San Francisco, Cal.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.
Queen's Hotel. Calgary, the commercial Metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates $2.00 per day. Fine Table d'Hote. H. L. Stephens, Prop.

WINTER RESORTS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Galen Hall. Hard and Resilient. New ocean, brick and glass sun parlor building. Always on dry, sunny, always open. Table and attendance unsurpassed.
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BILTMORE (near Asheville), N. C.
Kenilworth Inn. Open all the year. Table and service unexcelled. Golf, tennis, stable and garage. Altitude 2,300 feet above sea level. Write for booklet. Address Manager, Biltmore, N. C.

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Hotel Oglethorpe. Strictly modern; exquisitely furnished; excellent service. Golf, tennis, bathing, fishing, hunting. Illus. booklet.

CHARLESTON, S. C.
Charleston Hotel. Hibbert & Byrne, Proprietors. Unsurpassed accommodations for tourists. Center of the historic and picturesque.

LAKEWOOD, N. J.
The Lakewood Hotel. Beautifully furnished rooms. Wide open baths. Cuisine and service unexcelled. Golf, tennis, bathing, fishing, hunting. Illus. booklet.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 420 West Thirteenth Street, New York, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time tables of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

WINTER RESORTS

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
Hotel Warwick. In the heart of Historic Virginia and cuisine an unsurpassed. Service and cuisine an unsurpassed. Service and cuisine an unsurpassed. Service and cuisine an unsurpassed.

BERMUDA
British Military and Naval Station
Hotel Hamilton. A modern stone structure, quiet rules apply to Hotel Arlington, 30 W. 25th St., New York.

CANADA
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
The Clifton. Directly facing Falls. Rates $2.50 per day and up. Open winter and summer. $6 to $8 per day. Booklet on request.

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Montreal Place Viger Hotel. American Plan.
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HEALTH RESORTS

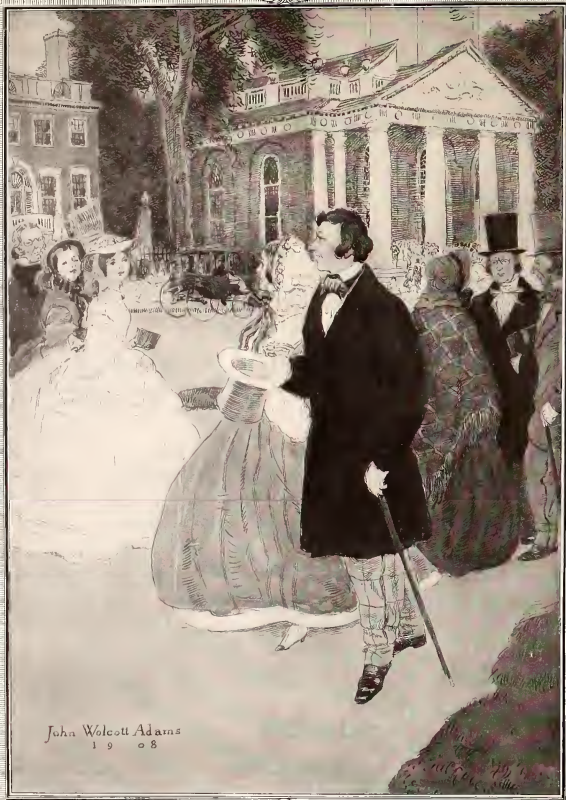
CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA.
The Riggs Hotel. Modern in every detail. Fine Hotel Rider. Health Information and Rest Resort. Medicinal Mud Waters. Bathing. Boating. Golf. Tennis. Fall coaching. Rates $2.50 up. Booklets. Reasonable rates.

CHASE CITY, VA.
The Mecklenburg. Modern hotel; 100 rooms. Climate Famous mineral water. Booklet. Dr. Hiram Eason, Jr., Manager.

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.
The Biggs Sanitarium. Ideal Climate. Curative effects. Exquisite Bath Suites. Hydro-Therapy, Electricity, Massage, Vibration. Physical Culture. Illus. Booklet.

KENOSHA, WIS.
Pennoyer Sanitarium. Est. 1857. Chicago Suburb. Medicinal Mud Waters. Bathing. Boating. Golf. Tennis. Homelike. Most scrupulous medical care. Illus. Booklet.

WERNERSVILLE, PA.
Grand View Sanatorium. Winter resources are unsurpassed. Modern in every detail. Rates $15 to $25 per week. Booklet. Carl Boas, Manager.
Walter's Hotel Sanitarium. All modern conveniences. Mineral baths. Electricity. Massage. Rates reasonable. Booklet. P. O. Walter's Park, Pa., 14 mile from Phila.



IN THE DAYS OF LINCOLN

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON

Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street

New York

February 15, 1908

Lincoln

Written for Collier's, to promote interest in the work of the Lincoln Farm Association

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I AM GLAD THAT the effort is to be made to celebrate in appropriate fashion the hundredth anniversary of the birth of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Excepting only WASHINGTON, LINCOLN'S figure stands foremost in all our history. It is an excellent thing for a nation to study the history of its great deeds in the past and commemorate the lives of the great men who did them; provided only that this duty is undertaken with the earnest desire to profit thereby, so that the men of the present generation may render service worthy of the generations that are past. Each generation has its own peculiar work to do, its own peculiar issues to face. Nevertheless, the underlying qualities which enable men to face these ever-varying issues must ever remain themselves the same, and therefore the live issues of the present can be faced to better advantage by men who have in good faith studied how the one-time leaders of the Nation faced the dead issues of the past. All upright citizens should study with peculiar care LINCOLN'S life. Like WASHINGTON'S, the keynote of LINCOLN'S career was disinterested devotion to the welfare of the country, combined with a rugged and healthy quality of mind which made it as impossible for him to be inefficient as to be false to his ideals. There are many men who have made great marks in history by wrong-doing, by spending their lives primarily for their own advancement. But this man both lived and died that the Nation might grow steadily greater and better, and the only reward he accepted was that which came in the shape of the chance to render service to his fellow countrymen. LINCOLN saved the Union, and yet at the same time lifted higher than ever before the cause of liberty. The fundamental difference between the careers of our two great national heroes and those of almost any other men of equal note in the world's history is shown by the fact that when we think of our two great men we think inevitably not of glory, but of duty, not of what the man did for himself in achieving name or fame or position, but of what he did for his fellows. LINCOLN, like WASHINGTON, had the right ideal and also lived up to it in practical fashion. No more blessed thing could have happened to a great democratic republic like ours than to have had this man of the plain people, this rail-splitter, this country lawyer, develop into its hero and savior; for every feature of his career can be studied as a lesson by each of us, whatever his station, as we lead our several lives. LINCOLN was a shrewd and enlightened man of the world, and he had all the practical qualities necessary for a man who was to guide such men as his countrymen were and are; and yet he was also a genius of the heroic type, a leader who rose level to the greatest crisis through which this Nation or any other nation had to pass in the nineteenth century. All of us throughout this country, Northerners and Southerners, Easterners and Westerners, now look back to the men who, with high valor and stern devotion to duty, fought each for the right as it was given to him to see the right, whether he wore the blue or whether he wore the gray. The heroes of each side in the great struggle of the four dark years are now the heroes of the whole Nation, and so the whole Nation can fittingly join in celebrating the hundredth birthday of the man to whom, more than to any other, we owe it that we are a Nation at all.

EDITORIALS

Five Talents Used

LINCOLN'S LIFE was development. Inadequate, indeed, is the reckoning of him which leaves progress out. Gifted with five talents by his destiny, he used them for their earning power. He lived in earnest. He lived forward. As he sat upon the fence and whittled, he made himself ever readier for the time to come. He thought. Essentially he was never idle. Such a mind, heart, purpose, never slumber. Busied with politics of the region and the moment, his eye was upon the eternal and the big, upon humanity and the right. Those marble sentences that we repeat, that will be echoed a million times this week, were not the utterance of an instant. Each was the crystal of a lifetime. Each was the product of a brain devoted, a heart that did not fling. What lifted the LINCOLN of the early speeches to the LINCOLN of Gettysburg and the Second Inaugural was this tenacity, this consecration to experience, to its lessons and its worth. Death found him at his height, because every year and every month had been so expended that he might look at sixty, or seventy, or eighty, with a calm unflinching—so expended that he might greet the future with a welcoming gaze. He lived a man's life, useful and complete.

A Study of a Diplomat

WHETHER EVERY MILE of railroad in New England, as well as the trolleys and the steamship lines, shall be owned by one company is the most important question just now before the Boston public. Whether Mr. CHARLES S. MELLEN, acting for the road of which he is president, the New York, New Haven and Hartford, shall purchase the Boston and Maine is the same question stated more concretely. Believing that public discussion of this merger would be useful, the Twentieth Century Club of Boston addressed to Mr. MELLEN an invitation to state his views. In his answer Mr. MELLEN said:

> "If I were to do so it might be urged, and with some show of reason, that the matter is one of great importance to myself and my company, which is far from the fact; and until the public is convinced the control of the Boston and Maine Railroad by our company is for the best interests of New England, I do not care to agitate the matter in any way."

That Mr. MELLEN should recognize this position, that he should keep silent rather than allow any word of his to influence the ultimate decision of the composite public mind, betrays a delicacy not common. Profoundly, therefore, must he suffer from what some persons, acting in the name of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, have been doing. We have already described the press agent's work against Mr. BRANDEIS. What other disloyal underling can it be who has already purchased 110,000 out of the less than 300,000 shares of the Boston and Maine? Obviously, it would be a boon inestimable if a man of Mr. MELLEN'S fineness of feeling could successfully be president of all the railroads in the United States, but until it is possible for such a spirit to be transmitted down to the vast army of insubordinate vice-presidents, press agents, and brakemen, the unit of greatest efficiency will remain perhaps even smaller than the present size of the New York, New Haven and Hartford.

How Is This?

WILLIAM JAMES is one of the men who never speak without substance and distinction. For this reason we have urged him, eloquently and often, to contribute to the ambitious and altruistic pages of this weekly, and he has steadfastly refused, although recently there have been printed two of his essays, both

of which have caused us to sit up, cerebrate, and reflect. The last, which is in "McClure's Magazine," has brought this grievance to the forerground. Why is it that he favors these monthlies, passing coldly by our no-less-deserving publication? Our feelings are lacerated and our readers wronged. Does he think ill of us and all our ways?

How Infinite in Faculty!

AN ILLUMINATING REMARK is dropped by RAY STANNARD BAKER in the current "American Magazine," and, as indicated in the paragraph preceding this, illuminating remarks are none too common for our taste. Speaking of a mob of boys and men who had attacked an ignorant and half-witted negro, he observes: "They never thought of mobbing the city officials who had allowed the negro dives to exist." Of course such a proceeding would never have occurred to them. The next day they would vote to put the same gentlemen in office.

By the Demon Rum

IN THAT DISTINGUISHED PUBLICATION, "Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular," we find a most enticing offer by the Susquenac Distilling Company. First narrating our plea for articles on "The Saloon in Our Town," this enterprising corporation of concentrated purpose offers to pay to all the successful contributors the same amount paid by us, provided "that they depict what we consider the correct side of the question: to wit, that 'a well-conducted saloon is a benefit to the community.'" By this device it looks as if any contributor may, if he is willing, be paid by us for his article and by the distilling company for taking "the correct side." There are many aspects to the institution known as the American saloon, but the distilling company makes clear beyond escape the exact opinion that must be reached by any writer desiring to be paid once for his contribution and once for his conclusion. It now only remains for some temperance organization to endeavor to bribe our readers to the opposing attitude toward saloonly virtues.

Speaker of the House

MR. CANNON IS SAID cordially to favor a bill now before Congress, introduced by a gentleman from New Hampshire, increasing the pension burden by about $9,000,000 per year. There are votes in such a bill. We trust it is true that MR. CANNON has withdrawn his opposition to the Appalachian Reserve. In politics and legislation generally our interest usually is comparatively slight, but this is one of those cases, decidedly infrequent, in which the actual welfare of Americans for centuries and centuries can be affected by the decision of those sages who are collected at the Capitol. If MR. CANNON prevents the passage of that measure he will do more injury to his country, for the benefit of certain individuals, including J. G. CANNON, than he could do by any other exercise of the overgrown power now vested in the Speaker. Catastrophes like the Pittsburg flood cost the country perhaps $100,000,000 annually. Removing from river beds soil found there only as the result of trees destroyed in a large part of the immense project of the Lakes and Gulf Canal and other waterway improvement. The soil which is used to clog our watercourses is taken from places where it means prosperity, and our fertile area is diminished by about one hundred square miles per year. Wantonly we are converting gardens into deserts by destroying forests, and then, too late, struggling at great price, with irrigation, dams, and reservoirs, to buy back fertility. By the Appalachian Mountain Range the water flow of twenty-two States is affected directly. Of all the others the welfare is concerned with no less certainty, as industries which lie at the root of prosperity depend on the abundance of timber and on the general virtue of the soil. Is Uncle Joe a statesman, or is he leader of the peanut band?

Insight

THE JEWS always seem to us especially quick and intelligent as a race. "The Israelite" of Chicago, however, achieves the almost startling feat of reading as an attack one of the most laudatory editorials of recent weeks. We allowed our optimism to centre in its fullest brilliance on ABRAHAM SCHLAMMER for his method of giving money. Now comes "The Israelite" protesting in much grief, but if Jews can not read plain print what shall we expect of other fragments of the population? Or is our style less lucid than we think it is, and our humor less engaging?

Is This Just?

SOCIALISTS EVERYWHERE have assumed that the acquittal of HAYWOOD and PETTIBONE was a declaration of belief by the jury that those men were innocent, instead of in actual fact a declaration that guilt was not proved "beyond a reasonable doubt." However that may be, we think these words from a Socialist organ are somewhat in excess of reason:

> "They put the stamp of liar upon such magazines as COLLIER'S and 'McClure's,' and upon the great mass of the newspapers of this country. . . .
>
> "Bulked of their prey, they must as they see it escape their clutches. . . .
>
> "The workers may well remember the lesson of this fight. It has taught them that from the capitalist class, its press, its pulpit, its executives, it need expect nothing. It has taught them that when they are united they need ask for nothing, but can take what they wish."

Now such publications even the better Socialists support. Is it their belief that threats, coarse unfairness, and hostility toward whole classes will bring nearer the day of peace and equal rights? Are men and women elevated and led onward by hate and falsity, or by truth, kindness, and forbearance?

Patent Booze

IN THAT MARKET-PLACE of the nimble-fingered, the New York Sunday "Herald's" "financial" advertising page, appears the advertisement from which the following sentences are copied:

> "The Universal Bitters Company, a New York corporation, formed and organized for the purpose of manufacturing Universal Bitters, an absolutely dependable and medicinal preparation of great benefit to those suffering from disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels, for which (same being also a highly stimulating tonic) there is an enormous demand everywhere, but more especially in prohibition States (dry localities), where no distilled or malt liquors of any kind are allowed to be sold by the local authorities, is now preparing to place Universal Bitters on the market. The third year's conservatively estimated sales will enable the directors to pay to the principal stockholders fully 1495 net profit on their investment."

Thus we have financial and convivial interests compressed into some few brief sentences. And thus the world doth jog along on its predestined course.

New and Old

NATURE-FAKING, new as it is in name, stretches far back of this decade and generation. Many a brazen and unwinking recital of life and ostensible doings in the animal world was to be found when literature was only sung or chiseled. To go back but a century and a half, we find a newspaper example in BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, who in 1765 despatched the following letter to a London newspaper, wherein it was duly printed:

> "I beg leave to say that all the articles of news that seem improbable are not mere inventions. The very tails of the American sheep are so laden with wool that each has a little cart or wagon on four little wheels, to support and keep it from trailing on the ground. Would they exalt their ships, would they even litter their horses with wool, if it were not both plenty and cheap?
>
> "And yet all this is as certainly true, as the account said to be from Quebec, in all the papers of last week, that the inhabitants of Canada are making preparations for ice cod and whale when they shall succeed in the Upper Lakes.' Ignorant people may object, that the Upper Lakes are fresh, and that cod and whales are salt-water fish; but let them know, sir, that cod, like other fish, when attacked by their enemies, fly into any water where they can be safest; that whales, when they have a mind to eat cod, pursue them wherever they fly; and that the grand leap of the whale in the sacred writ, the Bible of Gingoro is esteemed, by all who have seen it, as one of the finest spectacles in nature."

At present nature-fakers have fallen into disrepute, but anybody faking with BEN FRANKLIN'S skill and exhilarating point of view will doubtless have a docile hearing.

The Other Side

WHAT ABOUT the effects of nature-faking upon the nature-faked? Only the spread of misinformation among humans has been touched upon. The real peril lies elsewhere. Inspired by the tales almost daily related of their ferocity, courage, and lethal powers, the creatures of meadow, wood, and stream are coming to think themselves mightier than man. How else explain the attack, last month, perpetrated by a flock of crows, upon PAUL NILES of Freeport, Illinois? According to a widely circulated despatch, the raucous birds descended, *en masse*, upon the luckless MR. NILES, who "was knocked down and pecked about the face and eyes and beaten almost insensible." Shall we pick up our paper one day to read that the Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND, incautiously stepping into a stream which he was whipping, had his left leg bitten off by an angry trout, or that that mighty hunter, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, while stalking the shy and timorous grizzly, disturbed a sleeping rabbit, which dashed him to the ground with a loud roar, and fanned him to death with its ears? Our stricken fancy beholds the meadows resonant with the shrieks of helpless agriculturists, fleeing in terror from hordes of maddened butterflies, the coppices crowded with naturalists seeking refuge from infuriated toads,

while the fugitive who, pursued by a rabid anglewarm, is fortunate enough to escape from the perilous open into his house, finds but a momentary respite before being penned up in a corner and trampled to a pulp by his own domestic water-bugs!

Our Drama

AS IN THE PRESENT WELTER of comic opera and vaudeville the future of drama in this country sometimes seems precarious, we remind ourselves that the English drama has contrived to survive through other similar eras. Lien Chi Altangi—OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S clear-witted Chinese mandarin and philosopher sojourning in London—wrote to his teacher, Fum Hoam, a college president in Peking, to tell of a play he had just witnessed.

"The expected time for the play to begin at last arrived; the curtain was drawn, and the actors came on. . . . My attention was engrossed by a new object; a man came in balancing a straw upon his nose, and the audience were clapping their hands in all the raptures of applause. To what purpose, cried I, does this unmeaning figure make his appearance? Is he a part of the plot?—Unmeaning do you call him? replied my friend; this is one of the most important characters of the whole play; nothing pleases the people more than seeing a straw balanced; there is a great deal of meaning in the straw; there is something suited to every apprehension in the sight; and a fellow possessed of talents like these is sure of making his fortune. . . .

"Dancing is a very reputable and genteel employment here: men have a greater chance for encouragement from the merit of their heels than their heads. One who jumps up, and flourishes his heels three times before he comes to the ground, may have three hundred a year; he who flourishes them four times gets four hundred; but he who arrives at five is inestimable, and may demand what salary he thinks proper."

The relevancy of this simple depictment will be grasped by any person reading the last editorial paragraph upon this page. By no less an effort, we fear, can the reason of its existence here be clearly understood and its full interest imbibed

This covers present-day conditions on both sides of the footlights; GOLDSMITH might have been sitting in a Broadway theatre, comfortably beholding almost any drama among those which are greeted with the most applause.

Divorce

TO ONE ETERNAL QUESTION a correspondent contributes sentiments of much vigor and decision:

"If you love a woman and she loves you, do you need a policeman to keep you together? If you do not love each other, does the protection of society demand that you should stay together? I am an unknown working man with no education and no license to 'butt in' on such grave subjects, but these are questions which I would like to ask the doctors who are eloquent upon the 'divorce evil'; perhaps they will pity me and explain.

"I believe in the home. I believe in it as earnestly as the divines who rave over the divorce evil or the magazine editors who give their columns freely to what they consider outraged public sentiment crying against the divorce laws. But I believe that the real mind of a nation can be determined in a measure by what it laughs at, and the joke columns of these same magazines are full of grim jests on married life."

These views are incisive, and more of the same energy from our readers will be welcome. We intend to discuss divorce one of these days, but are willing to wait indefinitely, for the difficulties which the subject contains fill us with a humble appreciation of the inadequacy of the human mind to dogmatize on a situation so complex.

Animals Remodeled

THE INTERESTING REPORT by Dr. FLEXNER of the Rockefeller Institute, in his address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, on the transplantation of tissues and organs, has called attention to the long line of experimental work that has been going on quietly for several years, and that is now beginning to yield extraordinary results. With characteristic conservatism and judgment, he confined his report chiefly to one positive result, the transplantation of a section or length of an artery or vein from the body of one animal to another. Two animals are prepared with scrupulous aseptic precautions as for a human surgical operation. They are anesthetized, and a section of an artery from two to four inches long is carefully lifted out of the body of each animal. Then the two sections are transposed, the piece of artery from animal No. 1 being placed in the gap made in the artery of animal No. 2 and *vice versa*. The wound is closed, the animal allowed to recover from the anesthetic, and treated and handled with the utmost care and skill, as if it were in a private room in a first-class surgical hospital, until it has completely recovered from the wound. These experiments, of course, are intended only as a step toward achievements of the deepest human import.

Preceding Steps

IT HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN that an organ like the heart of a turtle, for instance, can be kept actively at work detreting or secreting, even when lifted entirely out of the body, so long as an abundant supply of blood or of salt solution is poured into its vein and out again through its artery, or *vice versa* according to the organ. By connecting the great artery of the turtle's heart with its principal vein, by means of a curved glass tube, the heart can be made to pump its own blood round and round in its shortened circulation and kept beating for days. Therefore, if only some safe and effective means can be found of joining the cut ends of arteries and veins together in such a way that they will unite, there is nothing to prevent the transference of an organ with its blood-vessels from one body to another. Partial success has already been accomplished in this extraordinary feat. The organ selected has been the kidney on account of the readiness with which it can be removed from the body without injury or serious damage to other vital structures. In six or seven cases the kidney of a cat or a dog has been removed under anesthesia from the body and grafted on to a pair of blood-vessels of corresponding size in the body of another cat or dog. At a recent meeting of one of the New York scientific bodies, a month or so ago, there was shown a photograph of a cat which had then been living for three weeks with both kidneys of another cat substituted for its own. The cat was standing on a table, reaching up to play with the hand of the nurse, its tail was curled, its back was arched, its expression was affable, we had almost said "smiling," and it looked the picture of health and comfort. This cat lived three weeks, and then died as the result of an accident. Another, which had had a similar transformation scene enacted in its interior, was still living and in perfect health four weeks after the transfer. Such success, partial as it is, does seem to suggest at least the possibility some day of human beings being not only able to give their blood for their country, but one of such of their vital organs as come in pairs, for the lives of their loved ones.

This Is Cheerful

THE PICTURE on this page shows the house near St. Louis which General GRANT, a graduate of West Point, built with his own hands and lived in for a brief period in his early middle life. The cabin in which he was born was infinitely more humble than this: it was much like the Lincoln cabin pictured on another page of this issue. LINCOLN and GRANT stand in their different ways as ideals to millions of Americans. Either of the cabins in which they were born could be built by the poorest man in the country to-day with a week of his own labor; the house pictured on this page, in which GRANT, with the tastes of an educated man, lived several years of his mature life, could be built by any man, as GRANT built it, with his own hands, in four weeks. True, there is but little more free homestead land in the United States, but in every New England State except Rhode Island there can be had, for four dollars an acre, an abundance of farms which have raised generations of preachers, teachers, and farmers. In Texas there is virgin land at from four to ten dollars an acre. Compare then the situation of New York bricklayers, whose union rate of wages the past year has been $5.60 a day, or of plasterers at $5.30 a day, or hod-carriers at $3.00 a day. The cry has become far too common that the time has passed when the poor man may hope to have a home of his own. The poor man is better off than he ever was before.

Father Abraham Lincoln

By a **Veteran of the Civil War**

MY *private shrine. The Gettysburg Address*
Framed in with all authentic photographs
Of him from whom the New Religion flows.

HOMELY? That's it. A perfect homeliness.
Homely as Home itself that countenance
Benign, immortal sweet, his very soul,
The steadfast, common, great American.

IT is a gladness in my aging heart
These eyes three times beheld himself alive,
Ungainly, jointed loose, rail-fence-like, queer
In garb that hung with scarecrow shapelessness—
Absolute figure of The States half-made,
Turning from toil and joke to sacred war.

I

MY heart has smiles and tears, remembering how
The boy, fourteen, round-checked and downy-lipped,
With Philadelphia cheese-cake freshly hit,
Halted to stare on marbled Chestnut Street;
He could not gulp the richness in his maw,
Because that black-frock-coated countryman
Of bulged umbrella, rusty stovepipe hat,
Five yards ahead, and coming rapidly,
Could be none other than The President,
From caricatures familiar as the day.

A SUDDEN twinkle lit his downcast eyes,
Marking the cheese-cake and the staring boy;
Tickled to note the checked gastronomy.
Passing, he asked, "Good, sonny?" in a tone
Applausive more than questioning, full of fun,
Yet half-embracive, as your mother's voice,
And smiled so comrade-like the wondering lad
Glowed with a sense of being chosen chum
To Father Abraham Lincoln, President.

SUCH was the miracle his spirit wrought
In millions while he lived.—And still it lives.

HE stalked along, unguarded, all alone,
That central soul of unremitting war,
A common man level with common Man.
The heart-warmed, wondering boy stared after him,
And wonders yet to-day on how it chanced
The mighty, well-loved, martyr President
Went rambling on unknown in broadest day
On crowded street, as if by nimbus hid
From all except the cheesecaked worshiper
He sonnied, smiled on, joked at fatherly.

II

THAT night the streets of Philadelphia thronged;
No end of faces; one great human cross,
As far each way as lamp-post boys could see,
Packed Eighth and Chestnut, waiting Father Abe;
The Continental's balcony on high
Glowed Stars and Stripes, with crape for all the dead
"We can not dedicate, nor consecrate."

ON chime of eight precise, gaunt, hare of head,
They saw his tallness in the balcony-flare,
And straightway all the murmurous street grew still,
Till silence absolute as death befell.

AND in that perfect silence one clear voice
Inspired began, from out the multitude,
The song of all the songs of all the war,
Simple, ecstatic, sacrificial, strong—
"We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more"—
And neighboring voices took the long refrain
While some more distant raised the opening words,
Till to and fro and far and near at once,
Never in chorus, chanting as by groups,
Here ending, there beginning, some half-way,
All sang at once, and all renewing all
In pledge and passion of the mighty song,
Their different words and clashing cadences
Wondrously merging in a sound supreme,
As if the inmost meaning of the hymn
Harmonious rolled in one unending vow
While all the singers gazed on Lincoln's face.

HANDS gripping balcony-rail, he stooped and saw
And listened motionless, with such a look
The boy upon the lamp-post clearly knew
"The heavens were opened unto him,"
"The spirit of God descending like a dove"—
Until the mystery of the general soul
Wrought to unwonted sense of unison
Moved all to silence for the homely words
Of Father Abraham Lincoln to his kind—
Words clear as Light itself, so plain—so plain
None deemed him other than their fellow man.

III

ONCE more. A boy in blue at sixteen years,
Mid groups of blue along the crazy road
Of corduroy astretch from City Point,
Toward yonder spire in fatal Petersburg,
Beyond what trenches, rifle-pits, and forts,
What woful far-front grave-mounds sunken down
To puddles over pickets shot on post—
What cemeteries shingle-marked with names
Of companies and regiments and corps,

Of moldering bones and rags of blue and gray,
And belts and buttons, rain and wind exposed—
Mired army wagons—forms of swollen mules—
Springfields and Enfields, broken-stocked, stuck up
Or strown, all rusting—parked artillery—
Brush shelter stables—lines and lines of huts,
Tent-covered winter quarters, sticks and mud
For chimneys to the many thousand smokes
Whose dropping cinders black-rimmed million holes
Through veteran canvas ludicrously patched—
Squares of parade all mud—and mud, and mud,
With mingled grass and chips and refuse cans
Strown myriad far about the plain of war,
Whose scrub-oak roots for scanty fires were grubbed,
And one sole house, and never fence remained
Where fifty leagues of corn-land smiled before.

BELATED March—a lowering, rainless day
With glints of shine; the veteran tents of Meade
Gave forth their veteran boys in crowds of blue,
Infantry, cavalry, gunners, engineers,
Easterner, Westerner, Yankee, Irish, "Dutch,"
Canuck, all sorts and sizes, frowsed, unkempt,
Unwashed, half-smoked, profane exceedingly,
Moody or jokeful, formidable, free
From fear of colonels as of corporals,
Each volunteer the child of his own whim,
And every man heartsworn American
Trudging the mud to view the cavaleade
Of Father Abraham Lincoln to The Front.

HE, Chief Commander of all Union hosts,
Of more than thrice three hundred thousand more,
Rode half a horsenеck first, since Grant on right
And Meade on left kept reining back their bays;
Full uniformed were they and all their train,
Sheridan, Humphreys, Warren, Hazen, Kautz,
Barlow, McLaughlen, Ord, and thirty more,
Blazing for once in feathers and in gold.
Old Abe, all black, bestrode the famous steed,
Grant's pacing black—and sure since war began
No host of war had such Commander seen!

LOOSE-REINED he let the steady pacer walk;
Those rail-like legs, that forked the saddle, thrust
Prodigious spattered boots anear the mud,
Preposterous his parted coat-tails hung,
In negligence his lounging body stooped,
Tipping the antic-solemn stovepipe hat;
It seemed some old-time circuit preacher turned
From Grant to Meade and back again to Grant,
Attentive, questioning, pondering, deep concerned—
The common Civil Power directing War.

HE, travesty of every point of horsemansbip,
They, so bedizened, riding soldier stern—
The contrast past all telling comical—
And Father Abraham wholly unaware!

TOO much by far for soldier gravity—
A breeze of laughter traveling as he passed,
Rose sudden to a gale that stormed his ear.

THE President turned and gazed and understood
All in one moment, slightly shook his head,
Not warningly, but with a cheerful glee,
And sympathy and love, as if he spoke:
"You scalawags, you scamps, but have your fun!"
Pushed up the stovepipe hat, and all around
Bestowed his warming, right paternal smile,
As if his soul embraced us all at once.

THEN strangely fell all laughter. Some men choked,
And some grew inarticulate with tears;
A thousand veteran children thrilled as one,
And not a man of all the throng knew why;
Some called his name, some blessed his body heart,
And then, inspired with pentecostal tongues,
We cheered so wildly for Old Father Abe
That all the bearded generals flamed in joy!

* * *

WHAT was the miracle? His miracle.
Was Father Abraham just a son of Man,
As Jesus seemed to common Nazarenes?

BEHOLD, their names are endlessly invoked
By money-changers using Temple seats
To rob the common people both so loved!

* * *

SHALL Father Abraham Lincoln yet prevail,
And his Republic come to stay at last?
Kind Age, unenvious Youth, democracy,
None lower than the first in comradeship,
However differing in mental force,
The higher intellect set free to Serve,
All undistracted by the woful need
To grab or pander lest its children want:
Old trivial gewgaws of the peacock past
Smiled to the nothingness of desuetude,
With strutful Rank, with pinchbeck Pageantry,
With apish separative-cant of Class,
With inhumane conventions, all designed
To sanctify the immemorial robbery
Of Man by men; with mockful mummeries,
Called Law, to save the one perennial Wrong
That fundamental social crime which fates
All babes alike to Inequality,
And so condemns the many million minds
(That might, with happier nurture, finely serve)
To share, through life, the harmful hates or scorns
The accursed System breeds, which still most hurts
The few who fancy it their benefit,
Shutting them lifelong from the happiness
Of such close sympathy with all their kind
As feels the universal God, or Soul,
Alive to love in every human heart.

WAS it for this our Mother's sons were slain?
Shall Father Abraham not prevail again?

WE who are marching to the small-flagged graves
We earned by fight to free our fathers' slaves,
We who by Lincoln's hero soul were sworn,
We go more sadly toward our earthly bourne
To join our comrade host of long ago,
Since, oh so clearly, do our old hearts know
We shall not witness what we longed to see—
Our own dear children minded to be free.

WHY let democracy be flouted down?
Why let your money-mongers more renown
Their golden idol than the Common Weal,
Flaunting the gains of liberty-to-steal,
Fouling the promise of the heights we trod
With Freedom's sacrifice to Lincoln's God?

WAS it for this he wept his children slain?
Or shall our Father's spirit rise again?

Lincoln *and Our Democracy*

A Patriotic Sermon

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE miracles done by the sun and the winds—two of the commonest external forces that act upon living things—we pass by because they are common. Yet the sun and the winds fashion our habits, order our lives, direct our aspirations, control our destinies, and give us our gods. On the wind-swept plains that slope down from the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri River an elm tree grows, differing from the elm tree of the Middle States as one star differeth from another in glory. The plains elm has all the identifiable genus that distinguishes the elm from the other trees of the woods, but it reaches no considerable height; it sprawls rather than pleases, and still it is an elm. It maintains the elm angle of branches, the elm curve and flexibility of top —the elm character. Moreover, it preserves, in spite of the winds that whip it, the gregarious instinct of all trees, and wherever one sees two elms, or three, or a close-planted group, he sees the twigs and stems and branches and limbs and trunks all striving together to simulate one tree —to imitate the type. So when these groups of elms unite with oaks and hackberries and walnuts and sycamores and cottonwoods to make the fringe along a prairie stream, again they work together to reproduce their type and make one prairie woods like all prairie woods. Nowhere do the white trunks of the sycamores predominate; always the high-crested elms and whitish-ashy gate the low-caste cottonwoods—until they reach a point on the rising plains where the winds and the sun seem to help the cottonwoods, and then the type of woods of the lower plain disappears.

Lincoln a Reflection

BUT in its own zone and longitude the persistence of a type of woodland, the exactitude with which nature cuts the angles of all the ravines, turns the furrows of all the draws and arroyos, molds the hillocks, and gashes the creek banks—making a consistent type of river picture different from all other river pictures on the planet that know different winds and other slants of sun—this is one of the "signs and wonders" of life about us, so wonted and so usual that we neglect it, and so lose one of God's parables given us to solve the mystery of life.

Man was not idly told to consider the lilies. For if the divine plan can work in life before consciousness dawns with such exactness as it works in the balances of nature—in the grass and the flowers and the trees—with how much greater force and directness must the divine plan be working through the animate world. So in studying any period of human existence, when one sees by one event seems to rise above the level of things and decide and direct and dominate affairs, it may be well to consider it, after all, it is the man or the event that really dominates or decides, or if rather the man or the event or both were not reflections of the life about them. We Americans are accustomed to think of Abraham Lincoln as our political deliverer in the impending calamity. That his steadfast purpose, his clear moral vision, his unclouded conscience, and his cheerful, serene soul were needed to bring about the very end that came, seems obvious. But the fact that he rose to his power in a democracy, by such natural selection as the politics of the day provided, would seem to involve also that he only reflected these qualities as they dominated his country. Lincoln was the finger; and "having writ," moved on. But what he wrote was the spirit of his times. What he did some other must have done—perhaps differently—but to the same end, if there had been no Lincoln.

Breaking the Dam

THERE are no "ifs" in history. The ifs are merely polemic hypotheses. This or that man, or event, or idea, may dam the current of life for a day or a year or a century or an age—"for a thousand years are but as a watch in the night" —but the dam does not check the force of the current; indeed, the current seems to lose but little time. When it overcomes the dam, it moves that much faster.

For all any man knows it is just as true to say that the movement which put the word "white" in

This cabin, in which Lincoln was born, has been recovered by the Lincoln Farm Association and will forever be preserved in the new Memorial Hall

stream of liberty, as to say that Lincoln by his own force and initiative "saved" America. Only no Lincoln was American could be lead American; only as America was able to choose a man of the Lincoln type to operate the machinery of government was America fit for the salvation that she found at Appomattox. Only as Lincoln was a man of the people was he able to save the people. Only as the people had at the foundations of their individual souls the spiritual qualities inscrutable in Lincoln could this nation choose a Lincoln. Only as the people themselves were free —were free in the sense that they were willing to sacrifice their comforts, their wealth, their limbs, and their lives for freedom—could they make this nation free.

A People Already Free

ANOTHER President before Lincoln might have written a room of emancipation proclamations; they might have cluttered the courts, and probably would have had but an academic interest. Lincoln's proclamation passed over the heads of the courts, because it was the enactment of a people who had a right to proclaim freedom; for they were fighting for freedom themselves. The proclamation need not have come from Lincoln; Grant need not have won at Appomattox. The American people had shown themselves spiritually great enough to realize the horror of another man's slavery and to lay down their lives to end that horror. Therefore they had become a free people, and no chance of battle or caprice of lawmaker could keep freedom out of their actual practical lives. Given an aspiration, backed by a faith substantial enough to fight for it, to sacrifice for it, to die for it, and the aspiration is no longer a day dream, but a fact.

If anything is needed to prove how largely unessential to the progress of the American people is any one man to the progress of any people at any time, we have to look no farther than Lincoln's successor, Andrew Johnson. Surely he was everything Lincoln was not. Where Lincoln was sacrificing, Johnson was vain; where Lincoln was bold, Johnson was petty; where Lincoln was wise, Johnson was stupid. With the death of Lincoln it would seem as though the lightning had demolished the tree of our national life, had wrecked and denuded the forest thereabouts, and had let in desolation. But the miracle of life was not stayed. Swiftly the sight of the wound was removed; the mark of the thunderbolt hidden; and only a scar down the trunk of our history marks that day when the lightning and tomorrow

sode of Johnson soon will be as unimportant in our annals as the episode of Aaron Burr.

What then becomes of our heroes? Are there no leaders of men? Is life mere conscious vegetation? Are men nothing better than cattle on the planet, herded in civilization to-day, stampeded in savagery to-morrow, and called from the wilderness again to herd and scatter and re-form in strange places? Was it not better to have been American than Sodom, better to be Republican than Burr, better to be Lincoln than Andrew Johnson? Surely there must be right and wrong; surely there must be differences in men. What and equation is this that seems to have no answer, no solution that is no more satisfactory than any other?

America and Sodom

IF we are consistent in our faith in God and His guidance of humanity by the wind of destiny and the star of His mercy, the answer to our questions must be depressing to our vanity. The logic of our faith requires the declaration that heroes help but little in moving the world along, that leaders only lead as they are led—only as they embody the virtues of those who seem to follow; that men are drawn together in families, races, and nations, and move forward until their selfishness scatters them, and then the usefulness of that civilization is ended. Faith in God's guidance of human affairs demands a negative answer to the question, is not America better that Sodom? —save only as America is less selfish than Sodom, kindlier, gentler, and morally wiser and braver than Sodom. And as for Lincoln—destiny or the force that moves men upward or whatever one calls the sun and the wind outside ourselves that directs spiritual growth on this earth—let us call it God, and say that God in His plan needed Lincoln less than Lincoln needed God. For to be great is to be kind. And whatever kindness Lincoln nurtured in his soul, rewarded him by expanding his soul. The great things he did, another would have done, in some way, because the people had grown, in spiritual stature, large enough to demand that these things be done. So what great, kind, brave things Lincoln did, and they were great, kind, brave things that he did, helped him, deepened his heart, widened his spirit, and equipped his soul for its eternal journey toward the light. And so we come to the truth in the paradox that in so much as Lincoln helped humanity he helped himself.

Selfishness is Sin

THE lesson of Lincoln is the old, old lesson of life that what we do worth doing in the world only helps ourselves, because nothing is worth doing that does not help others. It is an true of nations as of men. And democrcy grows strong only as it is sacrificial, altruistic. And we wax strong nationally only as we are able to choose leaders like Lincoln, men of heart and courage and devotion, who are pledged not to help those who are strong among us, but to help become strong those who are weak. Class rule for the benefit of class, whether it be the upper class or the lower class, is selfish class, and all class is to

people." The party, the faction, the clan, or the state that seeks its own advantage, inevitably must lose it. The class that seeks special privileges loses not only its privileges, but its good name goes with them. Whatever alliance there is of selfish interests fighting however adroitly against the universal demand in America to-day for distributive justice, will follow the slave-holder to defeat and destruction as surely as there is a God in Israel. For democracy under Lincoln proved its ability to select its fittest leader—by fittest is meant the one most nearly of its heart and of its spiritual kin.

Lincoln's Nomination

It is a curious thing—this selective power of democracy. It works with the same mystery that surrounds the miracle of the grass and the trees. The mystery of Lincoln's nomination to the Presidency is as inexplicable as is the growth of a forest. It came up out of politics just as petty and just as corrupt as the politics of to-day are petty and corrupt. Jealousy and hatred of Seward were in the nomination of Lincoln; what would pass for venality to-day was there. It was not denied that Lincoln paid the expenses of a Kansas delegate to the convention. It was not denied that there were deals and combinations and slates and trades in the nomination of Lincoln, just as there are in nominations to-day. But men voted their malice in the convention that nominated Lincoln, and week men voted their weakness. And yet—there was the thing accomplished. There was the selection of the candidate who represented the national soul. To look at a growing forest, to see all the warring elements and incongruous environments, to observe the action of bugs and birds and wild things, boring and scratching and burrowing, each after its own selfish end, and yet to know that all are working with the wind and the sun to make that forest grow as it was intended —the strongest possible forest under that sky—that is to behold a mystery as great as any of the miracles in the Bible. And again, to consider a room full of coutless, sweaty men, each dominated by his own purpose, with here a mean man, there a good man, yonder a venal man, beside him a flabby man, all willing and plotting and scheming, yet all led by a subconscious impulse toward that which in the end and the long run is for the best—to see that dingy, battered tramp of breaths forth the voice of God—and that is exactly what happened in Lincoln's nomination—that is a wonder of wonders.

The thing works—this self-government of ours. The divine purpose often is checked, often diverted, often ignored; but with the persistency of a flood it finds its course and onward, onward, moreover, it moves through those very dirty channels of ordinary grimy politics that good citizens are so prone to deplore. So sure must one be who reads American history carefully that during any considerable series of years, in any politics—as in all politics, for that matter—God moves in a mysterious way," but these actually move, so sure must one be of right winning in the long run, that one feels bound to declare that a fundamental fact in the people—such as Abraham Lincoln had—is an essential part in a man's working faith in God. Lincoln's whole life epitomized that dual faith in the people and in God as one. His life made it manifest, more obviously than has any other American's. And, indeed, without that faith a man in American politics is bound to be a freebooter, bound to count for nothing in the game of life.

Lincoln's Weapon, Faith

For through the spread of popular education democracy as an expression of the divine purpose is getting more and more easily read by the divine will. The vision of the people is broader, clearer, and stronger, because they know more than any other people ever knew on this planet before. And faith in them, in their ultimate rightousness, should be a politician's best weapon against the iniquities of his generation. He need be no clairvoyant to see democracy with the people to-day and teach them the right for to-morrow. But he must not deceive them; he must meet error with courage and with truth. And then he will find what Lincoln found.

For democracy to-day in America is growing stronger, of surer vision, of more moral breadth, as greater problems face it. The present times only demand some great merificial event—such as the war was in Lincoln's day—to dramatize the aspirations of to-day into the justice of to-morrow. And when it comes (that unknown event that shall turn our eyes themselves to God, as they turned in '61), when the national striving for more equitable distribution of the rewards of labor and of capital than now is had shall sound its trump, Heaven help the party, the faction, the State, or the citizens who try to stand against justice in that day of judgment. For the wind of God's destiny and the sun of His mercy are working their miracles in this world about us, in our hearts and lives, as the wind and the sun work their marvels in the woods and fields. And we should consider the lilies how they grow.

Plays *and* Players

Miss Maude Adams in a Bernhardt Rôle

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE JESTERS," a translation from the French, "Les Bouffons," of Miguel Zamacois, is a test of personal popularity which would scarcely be risked by an actress whose ambition to broaden her artistic achievement was less sincere than that of Miss Maude Adams. The piece has a certain charm, almost wistfully literary, which can scarcely have been overpowering in the original and it bears more acknowledged than can to this "precious" sort of verbal duelling—in the translation it is thin beyond belief.

When the Baron asks the supposed jester who he may be, he replies in a ballade. "My name is Chicot," in the French version of Miss Bernhardt's somewhat difficult *"Je m'appelle Jeanne."*) Those who have tried will know the difficulty of constructing seven witty stanzas, each ending with the same refrain and all built in 1-3-5-7, 2-4-6-8 order of rimes on *four* and *tone*, and enjoy accordingly such theme as:

"Oui, sous trompette ni tambour,
A chaque pendant, à chaque tour
Depuis l'Ascent jusqu'à l'Adour,
Vole son rire et sa grimace.
J'ai dérobé la ville et la cour,
J'ai bourré ma grosse besace
Au coin de chaque carrefour;
Je m'appelle Jacasse!

"Plaider la contre après la pour
N'a rien du tout qui m'enbarrasse," etc.

If it a game which the spectator must know how to play. Mr. Austin Dobson, for instance, would enjoy "The Jesters" considerably, even in the translation. From the ordinary playgoer's point of view all this has about the dramatic force of a Swedish chin piece.

Another of the Never-Grew-Ups

MISS ADAMS'S personal contribution might be wholly delightful were one not oppressed by ceiling that she is wasted in such a play. She makes a brave assumption of a certain Sir-like manliness in swing c. shoulders, boyish stride and in speech. And if some of the quickly rippled tones were almost unintelligible in the rear of the house, and her habit of changing vowels into curious diphthong sounds—"All my luck. I chiar"—into "Oel my luck. I tse-ee"—does not add to naturalness or clarity of utterance, yet she always took the young prince out of the commonplace up into that crystalline elfin world of her own. And every time she threw up her head with that halfwhimsical, half-defiant gesture—that passionate underlining, as it were, the brave, high-hearted spirit seeming at once humorously to admit the body's frailty and yet refusing to be afraid—the audience sent back its affectionate response. It would be impossible for Miss Adams not to be witch were she merely to come out and recite the multiplication table. And yet here is a feminine quality as exquisite as it is rare, and a single-minded devotion to an art which is seldom enough seen, squandered on what is after all mere pasteboard trickery—this toy Chicot off a dinner plate. Of course it is not Miss Adams's personality—Miss Adams could not do Ibsen, and such perfectly fitting parts as Babbie are not found every day—yet "Hop-o'-My-Thumb" proved that she was able to do stepping quite outside her own personality. A committee should be appointed.

The one bit of warm color in this rather brittle effervescence of phrase was supplied by Valeune, a swaggering Pantelleau sort of voyeur who commanded the absurd garrison of the Baron's castle. The part was taken by Guitry—son Seiffertzi, late of the firving Phee Theatre, and now beginning his career over again in English. At the Garrick theatre in every sort of eccentric comedy part—even in gloomier roles such as his broken-down baron in Godfrey Tearle's "Nadejda"—he was a constant delight. He has a curiously articulate pair of feet and legs, and as a light-headed old roué—about such a part as Mr. George Arliss might play—he was always especially good. For me, partly doubtless because of amusing recollections, the sun emerged whenever he came on the stage. His English—somehow he was purposely using dialect to suggest Valeune's Florentine nationality—is bad, but it can not spoil Mme. Nazimova's feat of shifting from one language to another he will become a welcome addition to our stage.

Miss Maude Adams in "The Jester"

JACQUETTE young nobleman, René de Chanceuse, disguises himself as a jester, in order in order to be admitted to the presence of his lady love, Solange, daughter of the Baron de Lavaur who can win by his wit alone—his friend and rival undertaking to succeed through personal beauty—he pretends to be humpbacked. Not unnecessary so, so, of course—just enough to give the properly appealing note of the underdog. Wit wins, of course. Chicot's underdogged vanquishes the clothes and impromptu verse of Narcissus, and after a suitable amount of epigrammatic lovemaking—somewhat after the manner of Cyrano de Bergerac—he claims his bride.

It is set almost in the key of a Watteau *fête galante* and, read, is pretty entertaining, especially to those acquainted with the intricacies of the antique "fixed" forms of French verse. Narcissus's contribution to the epigram tournament, for instance, is nine stanzas on the subject, "My distance lows like Solange." The first line of each stanza is repeated as a refrain for the last line; the first and last lines of the first stanza are repeated as the first and last lines of the last stanza; the first and last words of each stanza—except the first and last—are the same, and are taken from the last word of the first stanza.

When you have this properly worked out in your mind, you are ready to appreciate the sprightly ease of:

"Mon élégance aime la brise,
Car sans la brise, ce manteau
Que sa pesanteur paralyse
Tombérait droit comme un rideau . . .
Mon élegance aime la brise.

"La brise est," etc., etc.

Before Sleep—*By Agnes Lee*

O CHILD of weeping, here's the night!
O child of struggle, rest thou now.
Let peace come nestle on thy brow.
Put out the light.

Nor back into the battle hark.
Now in thy room at evening's goal
Put out the light. And in thy soul
Put out the dark.

The Lincoln Centenary

A Review of the Plan for the National Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Abraham Lincoln

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

Secretary of the Lincoln Farm Association

THE trend of time places new values upon the heroes of history. Kindness is becoming as great a human asset as courage. He who fights for the liberties of men is greater than he who tries to conquer them. In a recent plebiscite conducted by a Parisian paper, Napoleon, whose trend shook Europe and who colored the map of empires-at will, came third, being preceded by Pasteur, the conserver of human life, and Victor Hugo, the poet and philanthropist, sensible to the emotions of men.

Great souls are rare than centuries. Out from the heritage of time there stand three to whose memory, as to a shrine, every true American pays homage. These three are: Columbus, who alone defied the ridicule of all mankind and set out on an unknown sea to find a world; Washington, who built a free government that should safeguard the liberties of men; and Lincoln, who lived that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people might not perish from the earth.

* * *

To fittingly commemorate the great achievement of Christopher Columbus, the American people, in 1893, built on the banks of one of our great inland seas a world's fair, costing more than thirty-five millions of dollars, the magnificence of which has never been surpassed, and there we made the whole world guest.

Seventeen years prior to this acknowledgment of a nation's gratitude, the people of the United States of America built in the city of Philadelphia a great centennial exposition in recognition of our national independence, made possible through the heroism, courage, and wisdom of Washington. Twenty years before this was started the Mount Vernon Association, that saved and preserved to the people, for all ages to come, the Potomac home of the Father of our country. And but nineteen years ago a noble memorial arch of lofty proportions was erected at the entrance of Washington Square, in New York City, and the President of the United States sent a message to the people, calling upon them to appropriately recognize the centennial of the inauguration of our first President.

No future historian will ever leave the temerity to estimate Abraham Lincoln, the savior of our nation, as the least of this great trio. Like Columbus and Washington, he looms higher and greater in the perspective of time. He was the gentlest of all great souls. We are to-day but twelve months away from the centennial of Abraham Lincoln's birth. We have done much to honor Columbus and Washington and their achievements. Until now we have lived too near Abraham Lincoln to pay to his memory the tribute we justly owe, and to perpetuate the inspiration of his life, which we ourselves most need. Shall we neglect this opportunity now it is here?

Recognizing the patriotic significance of this centennial, a group of American citizens two years ago organized and incorporated under the laws of the State of New York the Lincoln Farm Association, which proposed to make of Lincoln's humble birthplace a national shrine, and on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth to dedicate it to the American people as the abiding symbol of the opportunity with which democracy endows its men.

Through the generosity of one of its directors, the Association, almost at its inception, acquired the full title to the Lincoln birthplace farm and the rude little cabin in which he was born. Thus equipped, the Association began its preparations for an appropriate national celebration on the twelfth day of February, 1909.

That some sort of an enduring memorial should be placed on this historic ground all were agreed. The Lincoln Farm Association opened its offices and headquarters at 74 Broadway, in New York City, and from there made public announcement of its purpose. Every American was earnestly invited to cooperate by contributing as he could.

The directors kept their plans before the American public, and the membership, multiplied in every commonwealth and community, until to-day the Lincoln Farm Association represents upward of seventy thousand patriotic souls.

To Preserve the Birthplace Cabin

IN the two years' history of the Lincoln Farm Association the program for the centennial has taken very full and concrete form. It was decided by the Association's Executive Committee to build on the birthplace farm, which is in the geographic centre of the State of Kentucky, a memorial museum, which is to cost about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and which will tell the story of the early yeomanry life out of which Lincoln came. This museum will house, as its central object of interest, the weather-worn little log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born. The farm, a rough little patch of one hundred and ten acres, bisected by the old Louisville and Nashville Pike, will be kept a farm, growing corn and squash, bluegrass and grain, as it has always done since the day that Thomas Lincoln took his little family to venture into the wilderness beyond the broad Ohio. On these broken and uneven acres Lincoln's countrymen will lay their tribute: a broad green plaza, with the Memorial Hall at one end and a simple shaft at the other, to mark the ground on which stood the first home of him whose memory is the strongest, tenderest tie that binds all hearts together now, and holds all States beneath the Nation's flag.

To secure a thoroughly appropriate plan for this memorial museum and its setting, the Executive Committee of the Lincoln Farm Associa-

A bird's-eye view of the Nation's tribute to be placed upon "the little farm that raised a Man," commemorating the centennial of Abraham Lincoln's birth

At one end of the plaza will stand the Memorial Hall; at the other end a shaft will mark the ground on which the birthplace cabin originally stood

tion held an architectural competition, inviting several prominent architects to submit plans that would incorporate the program set forth by the Association. Mr. John Russell Pope, a New York architect, was awarded the commission. Sketches of his conception appear on these pages. The building will be constructed of Tennessee marble and fire-proof material throughout. It will contain a central court, in which will be built a memorial pool, and in which the birthplace cabin will be restored.

A Temple of Peace

AROUND this will be the museum halls, the main room being convertible into an auditorium for the use of any patriotic gatherings that may choose to use it in this way. Once every year, at least, on the twelfth day of each February, the nation will hold in this hall the central Lincoln's birthday celebration. Lying, as this birthplace does, almost at the centre of our population, it will be the most accessible national shrine, and in many ways it will be the most significant, if not the most inspiring. It will become the Nation's Commons, the meeting-place of North and South, of East and West, a great national school of peace and unity, where all sectional animosity will forever be buried. President Roosevelt has called it "A National Temple of Patriotic Righteousness." It is in this spirit that it will be accepted by the American people from the half million patriots who will become members of the Lincoln Farm Association.

We have tried to honor the memory of Columbus as we should and always must do. We shall never be able to adequately honor the memory of Washington. Nothing we shall ever do can add to the fame of Lincoln. He knew the grandest truths, he had the brain of a philosopher and the heart of a mother, and his life was actuated by but one great passion—the salvation of the Republic. He aimed at lofty ideals: he did nobler things; his life was an unbroken expression of human kindness. "He was," indeed, "the greatest memory of our world." His memory is a heritage we can not afford to lose. We but honor ourselves and our posterity when we try to honor him. We have no greater national asset than the story of his life. Believing this, the Lincoln Farm Association has called upon the American people to save his birthplace from neglect and vandalism, and to perpetuate it as a birthplace of patriotism.

The work begun two years ago has inspired the widest interest in the Lincoln Centennial. The State of Kentucky, through the last Legislature, appropriated four thousand dollars, to which the United States Congress added ten thousand dollars, to be spent in erecting a new statue of Lincoln, to be set up in the court-house square of Hodgenville, Ky., Lincoln's native town, which in but two miles from the Lincoln birthplace farm. The statue is now being modeled by Mr. Adolph A. Weinman, one of America's foremost sculptors and a former student of the late lamented Augustus Saint-Gaudens, who was Lincoln's greatest delineator and a most enthusiastic member of the Board of Directors of the Lincoln Farm Association. A photograph of the unfinished working model of Mr. Weinman's statue appears on the cover of this issue of COLLIER'S.

The State of Kentucky is also planning to build a boulevard or broad roadway, which will be known as the Lincoln Pike, and which will connect the Lincoln Farm with the city of Louisville. Governor Willson of Kentucky asked the Legislature of that commonwealth for an appropriation and the adoption of plans for the suitable celebration of the Lincoln Centennial throughout the State, and for the State's proper representation at the dedication of the Memorial Hall and the Lincoln Birthplace Farm.

A year before this Governor Deneen sent a similar message to the Legislature of Illinois, which was instantly and unanimously put through. Governor Guild of Massachusetts, Governor Woodruff of Connecticut, Governor Hughes of New York, Governor Fort of New Jersey, and Governor Stuart of Pennsylvania, as well as Governor Johnson of Minnesota and Governor Davidson of Wisconsin, are arranging to make similar plans and appeals to the people of their respective States.

The people of Indiana are not only cooperating with the Lincoln Farm Association in its national work, but they have also through their State Legislature appropriated ten thousand dollars and appointed a special commission to properly care for the grave of Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's brave pioneer mother.

For Every American

THESE legislative enactments and provisions are but indications of the larger plans that will develop and mature in the next twelve months, and which will be a part of or inspired by the central and national work which the many thousands of members of the Lincoln Farm Association are trying to do.

To consummate the work laid out by this Association in the brief time that remains, and to make the centennial celebration worthy of the name it seeks to honor, much must be done. Every member of the Association should invite and encourage every friend to join, and every American who is not already a member should ask himself if he does not wish to count himself among those who did.

In view of the costly tribute we have paid to Columbus and Washington, in building great centennial monuments and triumphal arches, and in view of the stately tombs we have erected to Grant and McKinley, this Lincoln memorial is a modest tribute. The seventy thousand members of the Lincoln Farm Association have contributed generously. They have a sixth asset to-day of a little upward of one hundred thousand dollars. But we are forced to ask, does interest in Lincoln, enthusiasm for and love of his memory, stop here? Do our countrymen consider him the least among Columbus, Washington, Grant, and McKinley? If he is their peer, a half million Americans at least should respond at once to the patriotic call of the Lincoln Farm Association and send to its treasurer, Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, at 74 Broadway, New York City, whatever they can contribute, however small, remembering that a certificate of honorary membership is issued and forwarded to every contributor of twenty-five cents or upward. Join the Association and urge others to join. Enter your name in the patriotic order whose roll is to be forever kept and guarded in the Lincoln Memorial Hall.

Enrich Our History

NINETY and nine years have passed since this rough little patch of ground had claim to the affections of coming generations. In these years the American people have grown to love the men of tender strength who was ennobled on that soil. It is to his people, the "plain people" as he loved to call them and among whom he always counted himself, that the Lincoln Farm Association makes its appeal. On the twelfth day of February, 1909, the Lincoln Farm Association hopes to open and dedicate to the American people this birthplace farm. President Roosevelt a year ago accepted the invitation from the Association's Board of Directors to deliver the dedictory address. It is the opportunity of a lifetime—of a century —to enrich our country with a noble national shrine, and to pay a lofty and abiding tribute to "The First American." Is this centennial enterprise, this permanent recognition of a nation's gratitude, worthy of your cooperation, of your support? The directors of the Lincoln Farm Association firmly believe it is, the seventy thousand members of the Association believe it is, the Governor of every State in the Union has declared it is, our Congressmen and Senators have endorsed it. The members of the President's Cabinet have openly supported the plan, and the President of the United States is working for it. Are you? Write to Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, treasurer of the Lincoln Farm Association, 74 Broadway, New York City, and ask for the story of the Lincoln Centenary. We want you and your friends enrolled as members *to-day*, that we may go ahead without delay—a strong, patriotic body, to honor the name of *Lincoln*, and to inscribe over his first humble little home, one year from now, some such inscription as:

HERE, ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF FEBRUARY, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINE, INTO THE CABIN HOME OF THOMAS AND NANCY HANKS LINCOLN WAS BORN THE SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN — PIONEER, ORATOR, JURIST, STATESMAN, PATRIOT, RECONCILER, EMANCIPATOR, LOVER AND PROTECTOR OF ALL LIFE—SELOVED OF HUMANITY.

THROUGH THE BITTERNESS OF WAR HE FREED THE SLAVE AND PRESERVED THE UNION. THROUGH A MARTYR'S DEATH HE HEALED THE WOUNDS OF THE SWORD AND CEMENTED IN LOVE THE REUNITED PEOPLE, WHO DEDICATE THIS FARM TO HISTORY, PATRIOTISM, AND PEACE.

"It's the brains that gets paid"

The Hired Man

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

THE smoking compartment of the Pullman car—being paneled in collin wood, upholstered in black leather, with mirrors innumerable and shining nickel fittings—looked as much as anything like an undertaker's parlor. And in the ineffectual, and light that the lamp overhead, the three men sat as silent as mourners, staring solemnly, with that expression of decent dejection which the Anglo-Saxon wears when he has to listen to music in silence or smoke among strangers who do not force him to speak. Outside the window a misty blackness streamed by in a torrent and a tumult that rocked and roared monotonously.

There entered a middle-aged man in a peaked cutaway coat that looked absurdly boyish above his big, sunburnt face. The trio watched him blow into the stem of a briar pipe, his cheeks puffed out, his eyes shifting from one to the other of the company keenly. When the pipe whistled on a high, flat note, he nodded his satisfaction to the whole party and sat down among them. "The frost plays the devil with the roadbeds in this country," he said in a burly voice that filled the whole compartment. "I traveled over this line in the summer, and we rode on wheels."

The young man beside him was the first to clear his throat and reply. He was prematurely bald and spectacled; he had the loose-lined shoes and woolen socks of a business worker: the veins on the back of his right hand were swollen from much labor with the pen. It was plain, before the conversation went very far, that he was learned in the law. The others, one by one, like instruments tuning up, edged their voices to the discussion as the newcomer drew them out with a question or a remark which his eyes directed. In ten minutes they were all in conversational attitudes, talking or listening; and the compartment looked like the smoking-room of a club.

Railroad legislation, "trust-busting," overcapitalization, the labor problem—these were the topics which they discussed. The bald young man defended the Constitution and the Supreme Court, and deplored the lack of respect for the law in a republic where the law was the only king. In a wider choir confronting him, a heavy-shouldered autocrat, speaking with a cigar in his mouth and frowning at the cigar ring which he turned and turned on his fat finger, voiced the exasperation of the business man, persecuted by lawyers and politicians, and unable to get employees who were "worth their salt." The third man lolled back with an ankle on his knee and his head uplifted almost to the brim of the derby that was slanted down over his eyes; he interjected into the argument the good stories of a drummer, each prefaced with a curt laugh and continued nonchalantly between puffs.

The newcomer defended "Labor." He spoke with the sympathy and understanding of one who worked among laborers in the open air, without gloves. He confessed himself a civil engineer. And to make a point in his discussion he asked permission to tell a story—a lengthy one—about a "hired man."

The drummer said: "Go ahead." The business man glanced at his watch, instinctively. The lawyer lit a cigar, with an air of exceeding his prescribed allowance of them, and nodded like a judge.

The engineer relit his pipe. "I had a man named Lauren working under me once," he said. "He was foreman of one of the shifts of laborers—and a laborer himself.

"We were building an intake tunnel for the waterworks of a town on Lake Erie.

"I don't want to be more explicit than that—for reasons. For one thing, there's a suit about it between the contractors and the city, still on in the courts." He looked at the lawyer over his pipe.

"I had to sink a shaft just inside the island that protected the harbor from the waves of the lake. Then from the foot of that shaft I was to tunnel in one direction out under the island to the lake, and in the opposite direction back under the harbor to the city, so as to connect the lake with the pumping station. They had been using, before this, a big steel intake pipe laid along the bottom of the harbor, but it kept leaking at the joints, taking in the sewage from the bay and keeping the people looking for drinking water.

"Never mind that.

"The point is, we'd been having as much trouble putting down that shaft as if it had been another Simplon tunnel. There'd been an error in the City Engineer's calculations. There generally is."

"Municipal ownership!" said the business man, contemptuously.

His blue prints, furnished us when we were bidding on the contract, showed a bottom of clay and gravel. We found quicksand when we got to work. And that makes all the difference to an engineer that it does to a builder.

"You know what a cofferdam is?—a four sided dam. You sink your shaft inside it, after you have pumped out the water enclosed by the dam. Well, an ordinary cofferdam made of wooden piles and timber sheeting, packed with clay, will not hold out water over a quicksand, because it comes in under the piling as fast as you pump it out. We had built an ordinary cofferdam; and when that didn't hold, we strengthened it with another outside of it. Then we put on extra pumps and kept them going until the quicksand shifted under the piling and wrecked our time months' work. After that we decided to use a caisson.

"A caisson"—he illustrated it with his hands—"is properly a steel tube that is sunk in sections to make a metal well for the men to dig in. It is usually fitted with an air-lock and supplied with compressed air. And, as if the caisson were a diving bell sunken in the earth—don't you know?—the air in it keeps out the water and the mud holds up the sand.

"I couldn't use compressed air on the job. The company wouldn't stand for the expense.

"I want to leave out other professional details, you understand, but I can't very well tell the story without them."

"Go ahead. Go ahead."

"Well, we got this caisson, bolted some of the sections together, placed the tube in position and began to sink it in the soft sand of its own weight. It went down thirty feet, and there the suction held it. We loaded it with a deck of heavy timbers and a hundred tons of iron, and it sank four feet farther before it stopped again. Then we pumped the water out of it, and began to dig out the sand to see if we could lower the caisson by relieving the suction on the inside at least. But when the men had gone down twenty feet, the quicksand rose like a rush of water on them, and they had to face up the ladders for their lives. Any one could see that if we continued to take out the sand as it rose, we might cause another shifting under the foundations of the cofferdam and wreck the whole work again. Besides, Larsen reported that his men were afraid to go below to dig, because two of them had been caught in the quicksand and nearly lost their lives. So we decided that we'd try dynamite in the toe of the caisson. The explosion breaks the suction and lets the tube drop a little. We did that, and were succeeding, when—well, when my story began.

"You see by that time we had been working for five months—with all the energy of a besieging army. We had been two months building our first cofferdam and another month strengthening it with our second. It had taken us three weeks to get the caisson planed, and we had been five weeks sinking it. We had driven our first piles through the—dancing on the decks of our rigs to keep our feet warm—and now it was August. We had worked in sheet, in driving rain, in the drizzle of spring and the head-splitting heat of midsummer. We had fought the northeast storms that battered the walls of our dam and the quicksand that shifted and undermined them. More than once, working all day and all night, I had seen the dawn sicken the pale sky and looked back on my work as a nightmare. One of my men had fallen into the shaft and broken his neck. Another had had his foot crushed under a steel plate. One of the boilers in the powerhouse had blown out; my pumps had clogged with sand; my steam pipes had burst; my firemen had come to work drunk; our needed materials had been delayed—even my little bedroom, in the shack that served as an office on an angle of the cofferdam, had taken fire, and my cot-skins and such had been burned.

"And Larsen had been sharing all these anxieties—all these disappointments—all these delays—with a sympathy that you couldn't help making at. Whenever he sat with me, of an evening, in my bedroom over the office, he would lean his chair to the window and keep one eye on the work outside. He arrived in the morning on the boat of the company's tug and left at night on the stern of it. He seemed to be living with his back to the outer world, his face to the shaft.

"I said to the company's superintendent one day: 'Larsen watches that shaft as if he thought some one was trying to steal it.'

"The superintendent had risen from the ranks of the 'sandhogs' himself, and he had the sort of practical mind that isn't interested in character study. He said: 'That's what I expect him to do!'

"I wondered, even then, whether that was the whole explanation of Larsen's ability. It wasn't easy to decide anything about him. He had been a soldier, and he had all that patience, and assurefulness, and sort of matter-of-course-don't you know?—that the sea teaches. He was habitually silent. His eyes were as blue as sea water, but as inscrutable—in the calm.

"Well, we got the still sinking the caisson with dynamite—a foot or so at a time—when old Nolan, the head of the company, came to see for himself what was delaying us. He looked over the situation impatiently, cursed the City Engineer for optimistic ninny, and grieved because he was quicksand—and cursed our own men, who had made the borings, for not discovering the sandtube. He chided us for the slowness and difficulty of the operations and the consequent loss of profits on the contract. And he ended by ordering more dynamite used.

"I objected, of course, that the dynamite might split the caisson.

"Nolan was a black little man with an under-jaw—in a pugnacious beard and mustache—an under jaw that closed on a cigar in a bulldog grip. 'Dynamite,' he said. 'It's one of those things that either make you or break you. Go ahead. Put down a box of it.'

"The box went down, in sticks. The explosion wrecked the two lower sections of the caisson.

"'My faith in dynamite,' said, as cheerful as a gambler, 'Do it your own way.' And with apology he left us to repair his blunder at the best way we could.

"Now, I understand this attitude of mind. It's the typical contractor's—the attitude of a man who sees in an engineering operation only the question of profit or loss, and who is willing to stake everything with a chance of losing all. But I'd seen Nolan succeed by assuring that some of your academic engineers would be afraid to use, and I wasn't contemptuous of this small failure with the dynamite. I looked around for Larsen.

"And that was where I got my first light on Larsen. I found him scowling after the tug that was carrying Nolan back to the city. His big brown fists swung down at his hips, like knotted clubs. 'What does he want to come here for—buttin' into this?' he said. 'We near had her! We near had her! He thinks because he owns this business'—and so forth. His eyes were no longer silver and impenetrable; and I could see that it was no personal feeling of loyalty to Nolan that had kept Larsen so faithful to his duty.

"It was my first lesson in that particular variety of hired man. I still had to find out whether it was his wages—or the prospect of better wages—that inspired him.

"Are you interested? Does this bore you?"

They answered, with various degrees of politeness: "Not at all. Go on. Go ahead anyway."

He refilled his pipe. "We went to work again. We got a lot of steel piling that would hold out quicksand, and we sank a fence of interlocking steel piles in a square inside the coffer-dam and bolted to it. Then inside this square

"He stood scowling after the tug"

steel dam we sank another dam of the same sort of piles, fitting them, knuckle to hub, in a circle around the broken caisson, and by pumping out the water and digging out the sand inside the square dam, and sinking the circular one as we dug, we succeeded at last in driving the circular dam down to rock bottom. Understand? But the top of that circular dam was nineteen feet below the top of the square steel dam, and the pumps had to be worked night and day. I took the night shift, with Larsen under me.

"We had to dig out the broken caisson.

"It was just about as ticklish a job as you'll meet with in the ordinary run of work. It was one of those bits that make an engineer's life so —so interesting to him. It wouldn't interest you any more than a doctor's account of a surgical operation.

"However, we got it done—or almost. And one morning, after the day shift had taken over the work, I congratulated Larsen on it. I said that Nolan ought to give him a raise of wages. Of course, I was trying to find out how he felt about the wages.

"He was sitting at my bedroom window, waiting for the tug to start back to the city. (He slept at home.) I had my boots off, sitting on the side of my bed, smoking.

"Nolan ought to give you a raise of wages on the strength of this," I said.

"Larsen replied: 'No. He won't raise no wages outa me.'

"I asked him whether he didn't think he was worth more than he got. He opened his hands and looked at the palms of them. 'It's the brains that gets paid,' he said. 'I got a boy. He goes to school. . . . No. Not me.'

"I can't give you the tone, or the words exactly. But they expressed the sort of tragedy of his own labor—don't you know?—and the hope that made him ambitious for the boy. He said he was making an engineer of him.

"That was lesson number two for me. I got my next one next night."

The business man interposed: "You wouldn't call him typical, would you?"

The commercial traveler laughed: "Hardly, eh?"

The engineer answered: "I don't know. Wait till I tell you the rest.

"I slept till ten o'clock that next morning, and then I dressed to go into the city—to arrange for a supply of stone and cement that would soon be needed—and this business kept me on my feet all day. At nightfall I boarded the company's tug again, intending to have a look at the shaft and then turn the work over to Larsen and have a sleep. When I arrived I found Larsen struggling with a clogged pump at the foot of the shaft.

"The water was rising. It rose so fast that the pump was drowned before it could be started again. We turned the steam on the big duplex, up above; but the duplex was waiting, idle, hadn't been kept in readiness. Some one had neglected it. It didn't answer the throttle. I threw off my coat and jumped down on the platform where it had been planted, at the foot of the square dam, fifteen feet below the level of the outer water—and found the suction buried in the mud.

"I called to Larsen to lift it out with a derrick. And Larsen, ranting about in the half light, round-shouldered, like a gorilla with his long arms, slung the tackle and worked the winch and cleared the suction.

"The man at the shaft reported that the water was rising in a steady flow.

"We threw the steam into the duplex again. It didn't lift. I saw there was something wrong in the cylinder. When Larsen and I got the cylinder head off, we found the ring of the piston broken. It was the work of hours to mend it, and the water was rising at the rate of an inch and a half a minute.

"Well—not to bore you with exciting details—before we had repaired that packing, the water was up to our waists. While we were replacing the cylinder head and setting the valves, it came up to our armpits. We worked at the nuts and bolts until the water reached our chins. We couldn't finish. I had to trust what few nuts I could get on to hold the head. And I had to fairly drag Larsen out by the collar.

"When we pulled the throttle on the pump, it couldn't make the stroke. It was choked with condensed steam, you see. And Larsen groused as if he were watching a deathbed!

"However, it got to work after a little and began to lift beautifully. I felt mighty grateful to Larsen. I took it that if he hadn't been working this way out of any loyalty to Nolan—or with any hope of getting a raise of wages—it must be that he had some sort of affectionate interest in me and my success with the job. And when we were drying out our clothes together in front of one of the furnaces, I tried to express my gratitude, you know.

"He took it in silence. The red glare on his face showed him merely worried and tight-lipped. He kept going out, every now and then, to look at the water in the shaft in a sort of angry bewilderment that ignored the engineer. I tried to jolly him out of his bad mood, by telling him of an engineer who got his back up at things that way—and lost a leg before he regained his temper. Larsen didn't wait to hear about it. He simply walked back to his pump without paying any attention to me whatever. And I was wise enough to see that he had no more personal loyalty for me than he had for Nolan!

"That was lesson number three.

"I'm nearly done now. Just a minute.

"When the day shift arrived, I was 'cross-eyed' with fatigue and lack of sleep, but the square dam was empty and the pumps were beginning to draw water from the shaft itself. I took a final look around, and warned the superintendent to watch the wooden cofferdam, because a strong wind had been blowing from the northeast and the waves were working at the outer sheeting. I told Larsen that he had better come along and get a snooze, but he looked up, like a sailor, at the storm in the sky, and shook his head. And I left him.

"The water was rising at the rate of an inch and a half a minute"

"As I was going into the office, I saw a company tug coming up, with Nolan in the bows. I was too tired to meet him. I told one of the men to call me if anything went wrong—and climbed up to my bunkroom. I was asleep on the first sigh."

He looked for a long time at his pipe. It was black out. He had been holding it, forgotten, at his lips.

"I heard afterward how it happened. The waves caused a shifting of the sand on the eastern front of the dam and loosened the piles and spread the sheeting—and the water began to pour in on the square steel dam. The men, ordered up from the shaft, ran with timbers and shovels to throw clay into the hole and brace the planking; and Larsen and the shift worked like frantic ants men to save the ship. It was no use. The waves sucked out the clay faster than it could be shoveled in, and the dam seemed to sink under their feet. Larsen, they said, worked like a madman, the cords standing out on his hands and the veins on his forehead. When the inner sheeting of the dam began to give way, he shouted for timbers to reinforce it. And when the men ran for beams and planks he was not mad crazy enough to brace himself between the wooden sheeting and the steel dam—his feet against the cast-iron shoulders against the other—trying to hold the planking until the men could come to his aid.

"I saw him there. The roar had wakened me and I had run to the window. A big wave struck into the breach behind him and squirted over him. I screamed to him to get out of that. It was too late. The wooden dam seemed to open and shut as if there was an earthquake, and then that side of the steel dam—loosened with the piles it was bolted to—fell forward like a big force.

"Larsen looked up at me as he went under."

He made a gesture of apology for the emotion that flined his eyes and clouded his voice. "I swung over the cliff and struck the water at the same time as one of the men. We caught him as he came up and dragged him out. I saw he couldn't stand. His legs were all sort of twisted. He looked down at them as if he was surprised to see them there. I said I beg your pardon. . . . You see his back was broken. He had held himself braced between the timbers and the steel until his spine was crushed."

He blew his nose hastily. The others did not look at him.

"He didn't pay any attention to old Nolan's assurance that he and his family would be 'looked after.' He didn't pay any attention to me. All he said was—when they were carrying him aboard the tug: 'She'll come this time'—speaking of the dam, of the work."

The business man challenged him: "Well?"

"Well? he cried. "We're all hired men, aren't we? Do I work the way I do for money alone, or out of any loyalty for anybody? Does a soldier, or a clergyman, or a doctor, or an artist? Does even a man like Larsen? Is the world really run by wages—by hire—or by any feudal system sort of loyalty? Is it? Or is it the joy of the work, of the game, that makes us break our backs in it? You asked me whether I thought Larsen typical. I tell you, no! Not a thousand times yes!! You could get employes 'worth their salt' if you had work to give them that was worth its salt. You appropriate all the joy of the work, all the interest of the achievement, and you leave them nothing but the tasteless labor."

The lawyer interrupted: "Are you arguing for socialism or cooperation?"

The engineer turned to him, surprised. "Me? Socialism! What for? I don't know. I never have time to read up about those things. I'm telling you what I've seen; that's all!"

What the World is Doing

A Record of Current Events Edited by SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

Under Which King?

THE last day of January was an eventful one in American politics. It had been announced that at that time Governor Hughes of New York would explain his views on national affairs in a speech before the Republican Club. As his views on these subjects had been before entirely unknown, this was to be in reality his début as a national character, and naturally it was expected to be the chief topic of political interest and discussion. But by a curious coincidence President Roosevelt selected this very day for the transmission of the most sensational message that any President ever sent to Congress, and in the clang of his resounding phrases the public ear had difficulty in catching the softly modulated tones of Governor Hughes.

The ostensible purpose of the President's message was to urge the passage of a new Employers' Liability law to meet the constitutional objections raised by the Supreme Court, as well as laws providing compensation for injuries suffered in the service of the Government, checking the abuse of injunctions in labor cases, increasing the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, permitting railways to form traffic associations, amending the Sherman Anti-Trust law so as to permit good combinations to exist under proper supervision, and checking stock gambling. But these recommendations served simply as an introduction to an impassioned defense of the Roosevelt policies and a vehement denunciation of their opponents. The widely circulated work of the Standard Oil's Literary Bureau was characterized as "untruthful in important particulars." A letter from Mr. Francis J. Heney was reproduced to show that President Ripley of the Santa Fe had "apparently not been above the commission of crime to secure business"—a charge to which Mr. Ripley immediately entered a public denial.

President Roosevelt paid his respects to "those writers and speakers who consciously or unconsciously act as the representatives of predatory wealth," and added:

"There are ample material resources for those who serve with fidelity the mansion of unrighteousness, but they are dearly paid for by the people who permit their representatives, whether in public life, in the press, or in the colleges where their young men are taught, to preach and to practise that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

"It is only rarely that the men responsible for the wrong-doing themselves speak or write. Normally they hire others to do their bidding or find others who will do it without hire. . . . The Railroad Rate law to the Pure Food law, every measure for honesty in business that has been passed during the past six years has been opposed by these men on its passage and in its administration with every resource that bitter and unscrupulous craft could suggest and the command of almost unlimited money secure. . . .

"The extraordinary violence of the assaults upon our policy contained in these speeches, editorials, articles, advertisements, and pamphlets, and the enormous sums of money spent in these various ways, give a fairly accurate measure of the anger and terror which our public actions have caused the corrupt men of vast wealth to feel in the very narrow of their being."

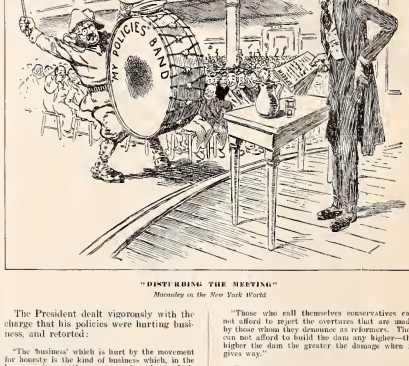
The criticism that corporate wrong-doing should be punished by imprisoning the responsible officials rather than by fining the corporations was met with the remark:

"The man making this assault is usually either a prominent lawyer or an editor who takes his policy from the financiers and his arguments from their attorneys. If the former, he has defended and advised many wealthy malefactors, and he knows well that, thanks to the advice of lawyers like himself, a certain kind of modern corporation has been turned into an admirable instrument by which to render it well-nigh impossible to get at the head of the corporation, at the man who is really most guilty."

"In the work we of this generation are in, there is, thanks be to the Almighty, no danger of bloodshed and no use for the sword; but there is grave need of those stern qualities shown alike by the men of the North and the men of the South in the dark days when each valiantly battled for the light as it was given each to see the light. Their spirit should be our spirit, as we strive to bring nearer the day when greed and trickery and cunning shall be trampled under feet by those who fight for the right-oness that exalteth a nation."

The message was rapturously applauded by the Democrats in Congress and received by most of the Republicans with silent dismay. Mr. Bryan lost no time in giving it his cordial approval, welcoming it as a forcible restatement of his own policies.

"It is no longer," he said, "an issue between radicalism and conservatism. It is an issue between those who, recognizing the necessity for reform, desire to proceed in a reasonable way and by time-honored methods to remedy abuses, and those, on the other hand, who blindly resist all progress, and by so doing invite more radical remedies.



"DISTURBING THE MEETING"
Macauley in the New York World

The President dealt vigorously with the charge that his policies were hurting business, and retorted:

"The 'business' which is hurt by the movement for honesty is the kind of business which, in the long run, it pays the country to have hurt. It is the kind of business which has tended to make the very name 'high finance' a term of scandal to which all honest men of business should join in putting an end."

He declared the issue to be primarily ethical, not economic. It was the methods of his detractors, not his own, that were responsible for the present financial troubles, but even "if it were true that to cut out rottenness from the body politic meant a momentary check to an unhealthy seeming prosperity," he would "not for one moment hesitate to put the knife to the corruption." He felt that he was acting in the spirit in which Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg consecrated the nation to the war against slavery, and in this solemnly religious vein he concluded:

"Those who call themselves conservatives can not afford to reject the overtures that are made by those whom they denounce as reformers. They can not afford to build the dam any higher—the higher the dam the greater the damage when it gives way."

The President's exhortations did not make many converts among the sinners whom he had called to repentance. Chancellor Day of Syracuse University, although not specifically mentioned in the message, found a cap for himself therein and promptly put it on. He protested that not a nickel or a dime had ever been offered to him "by any person or corporation for a sentence or a paragraph in print in any shape or form whatever." He continued:

"I was warned that if I wrote my reputation would be assailed by the President and every unworthy motive would be charged against me. I have been accused of personal malice and revenge. I am now charged with selling my character and bartering my reputation for pay to a cause that I know to be corrupt."

Chancellor Day overlooked the fact that

President Roosevelt had provided a refuge for him by saying of the criminal financiers: "Normally they hire others to do their hidding or find others who will do it without hire." Naturally the Chancellor comes in the latter category. A humble and reverent worshiper of wealth does not need to be insulted with the offer of a bribe to induce him to do what he is abjectly eager to do without it.

Apart from its milder tone, the address of Governor Hughes might have seemed in many respects an echo of the Roosevelt messages. The Governor warmly praised the Administration, whose work had given the Republican Party "a notable vantage ground" for the next campaign. He favored a constitutional Employers' Liability bill, provision by the Government for proper conditions with regard to hours, wages, safety, and compensation for accidents for its own employees, the regulation of railroads, including the Rate law, and a further extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission; the amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust act, with permission for the railroads to make traffic agreements; the preparation of the Filipinos for self-government, with a promise of future independence, and the protection and development of our national resources. All these are Roosevelt policies, and the same thing may be said of the Governor's suggestions about the tariff, which is evidently a rather unfamiliar subject to him, as it is to the President. Mr. Hughes avows himself a protectionist, and cherishes the naive delusion that "the difference in the cost of production here and abroad is the fundamental consideration" in fixing rates of duty. But he does not believe in making this mythical policy "a cover for exorbitant rates or for obtaining special privileges from the Government which are not based upon consideration of the general welfare." He believes that the tariff should be revised, and, like Mr. Taft, he favors the appointment of an expert commission to enlighten Congress upon the facts.

From this point the Hughes and Roosevelt policies diverge. The Governor thinks that we, the American people, "do not seek to multiply the activities of government so as to bring about vexatious interference with liberty or to restrict legitimate enterprise. We deprecate all unnecessary governmental action." He objects to extra-constitutional short cuts toward progress. "According to our system," he holds, "the controlling will of the people is found in constitutional provisions as interpreted by the courts, and these must remain effective until the people change them by amending the Constitution in the prescribed manner." While favoring the vigorous exercise by the Federal Government of its own powers, he objects to the extension of Federal power at the expense of the States.

Beginning his address with a eulogy of President Roosevelt, Governor Hughes ended it with a protest against arbitrary action and a plea for prosperity. He expressed his anxiety "that there should be fair opportunities for the workers of the land, for the extension of industry and commerce, and that there should be the widest diffusion of blessings among a contented people." To attain these ends he believed that "the rule of the people must be the rule of reason, and every effort must be dominated by the sense of justice. We must be patient, impartial, and thorough; investigation must precede action; goodwill must displace passion; and the solicitative must be to seek the truth and to do the right."

Thus in one day were the platforms of the two great national parties written. President Roosevelt's message contained the Democratic platform; where the Republican platform is to be found it will take a few months to decide.

The Murdered King Carlos

Regicide in Portugal

A PECULIARLY poignant tragedy was added to the long roll of royal assassinations on February 1 when King Carlos of Portugal and his eldest son, Prince Luiz Filippe, were shot to death, and his second son, Manuel, was wounded. The King and his family were returning from their country estate, Villa Vicosa. They entered open carriages at the railroad station at Lisbon just before sunset, the King, Queen, and the two princes occupying the first and a small retinue of officers from the palace the second. As the carriages swung around a corner a small band of desperate

Amélie, the Widowed Queen

conspirators opened fire. The King was mortally wounded by the first volley. The Crown Prince tried to defend himself with a walking-stick against two assassins who were thrusting their carbines into the carriage, and the Queen made a pitiful effort to shield him with her own body and to beat down the weapons of the murderers with a bouquet of roses. It was all in vain. When the carriage dashed into the quadrangle of the arsenal only the frantic Queen and her wounded younger son were left alive. Prince Manuel, although struck by two bullets, was able immediately to bear the burden of kingship laid so unexpectedly on his boyish shoulders. Only eighteen, he assumed the crown with a pathetic confession of his inexperience and his need of guidance.

The double assassination was the climax of a long series of political disorders. Portugal is supposed to be a constitutional monarchy. The times for the meetings and adjournments of the Cortes are fixed, and no summons from the King is necessary. Nor can the sovereign veto a measure after it has passed both houses a second time. Under this parliamentary regime a system of extravagance and corruption had grown up. Portugal, with a population smaller than that of the State of Illinois and incomparably less wealth, has a national debt almost as large as that of the United States in principal and more burdensome in interest.

Last year the masterful Premier, J. F. C. Franco, determined to clean out the

Luiz Filippe, the late Crown Prince

Government, regardless of the constitution. He induced the King to dissolve Parliament, which he had no constitutional right to do, and establish a virtual dictatorship, with Franco as dictator.

Great economies were effected, dishonest officials were turned out, and the morale of the public service was greatly improved.

Manuel II, now King of Portugal

But these reforms were accomplished by such high-handed methods that the bitterest hatred was aroused, both against the dictator and against the King, who gave him unflinching support.

Although the assassins did not succeed in immediately upsetting the monarchy, they did succeed in upsetting the Franco dictatorship. Two days after the accession of King Manuel, Premier Franco and his entire Cabinet resigned. A coalition Ministry was formed, shifting several times in its membership. The general

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policy of the new government will be to restore a liberal system of parliamentary rule in strict accordance with the constitution. After the reorganization of the Ministry, the King announced that he would summon Parliament and take his accession oath before it.

Gold and Paper

Why an excess of one drives the other out

SOME remarks in these columns upon the effects that would naturally follow the adoption by the American Government of the London "Economist's" advice to issue irredeemable paper money have stirred up the embers of the old greenback discussion. A correspondent writes from Caldwell, Idaho:

"Under the heading of 'Financial Convalescence' you speak of what might cause the gold of the United States to flow to Europe. In fact, you state that it would in case the United States should issue paper money. Now this matter interests me very much. I am free to admit that I know little about the ebb and flow of gold, and I can not see how the gold would go to Europe unless the balance of trade was against us, and then would it not go anyway? How can they get it without buying it or exchanging goods for it? And, in either case, would we not have value received for it? And, if so, where would we be hurt? And if Congress makes a twenty-dollar legal tender note fare value, that is, makes it lawful money, why is it not just as good, so far as the money part of it goes, as a twenty-dollar gold piece? As I understand it, the gold is only money by law. Am I correct?"

Gold would go abroad if we issued a lot of paper money just as oil would flow out of a tank if we pulled the tank full of water. In any country a given amount of money will transact a given amount of business, and if the supply is largely increased the surplus will go elsewhere, as long as it is of a kind which is acceptable in international dealings. When all the international money that is, gold, is gone and the channels of domestic business are entirely filled with paper, any further increase in the paper circulation will simply force up prices, making the currency cheaper and cheaper in relation to goods and gold, as happened in the case of the greenbacks during the Civil War. Whether a currency so inflated can ultimately be brought back to a level with gold, as was done with the greenbacks, or whether it shall sink to one cent on the dollar as in Colombia, or become utterly repudiated and worthless, as was the fate of the French assignats and of our own Continental bills, depends on the energy of the Government and the prosperity and productivity of the people.

Gold goes where its owners can get the best value for it. Sometimes it is bought and sometimes borrowed. If Europe should draw gold from New York she would probably do so by throwing her supplies of our securities on our market and making payment for them in specie. If our currency were inflated with paper the commodity markets would also help the outward movement of gold, for prices would rise here to an extent that would check exports and stimulate imports. Exactly the reverse process went on when we were drawing gold from Europe after the panic. Our imports suddenly dropped off and our exports enormously increased.

The value of money is not created by the Government stamp—if it were, our greenbacks would not have been selling at fifty cents on the dollar in 1865. Value is created by supply and demand. In so far as the Government can affect these it can affect value. Legal tender laws do something in this direction, but not very much. They merely govern payments for past debts, and that is a very small part of the uses of money. A much more important matter is receivability for taxes. The United States could keep a strictly limited amount of paper at par, or even at a premium, by insisting on collecting all its revenues in it. But the only way to maintain the value of a currency of large volume is to keep it constantly exchangeable for the substance that serves the largest variety of uses all over the world, namely, gold.

Digging at Panama

Some facts and some queer foreign ideas

THE Panama Canal engineers compute that 183.4 cubic yards of earth, or over twelve carloads, were dug out every working minute during the month of December. That is equivalent to loading a hundred and eighty-three city dump-carts per minute. The amount taken out in a day would fill 5,868 cars, making a train thirty-three and a third miles long, which would stretch almost all the way across the Isthmus. Such a trainload was taken out every working day in December.

Such figures make a little ridiculous the gloomy views expressed by M. Tardieu, the noted French editor of "Le Temps," in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." M. Tardieu, who is coming here to lecture at Harvard, has read somewhere that "the American company" has excavated only 4,400,000 cubic meters at Panama in three years, while the Suez Company excavated 74,000,000 meters in eight years. A glance at a Reudy Reckoner made it clear that we were digging not more than 1,500,000 meters per year, at which rate the present generation could not hope to see the completion of the canal.

This melancholy prospect has a little different appearance when it is known that in the last three months of 1907 the excavation was greater than M. Tardieu credits us with for the entire three years of our operations. In December alone we excavated 2,200,539 cubic yards, or 1,683,463 cubic meters, instead of one-twelfth part of the 1,500,000 meters we are supposed by our French critic to dig in a year. The excavation is no longer a problem that bothers us. At the

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Ask For ZENO Gum, save the wrappers and send for complete list of premiums. Address Dept. 1. Send 5c in stamps for postage. When you send coin please print your name and address plainly. Be sure to send return postage for this Premium, which will be mailed you as soon as possible. Do not write us a letter.

ZENO MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
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ZENO MEANS GOOD CHEWING GUM
Vendor Not Permitted

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Remarkable Discovery That Cuts Down the Cost of Paint Seventy-Five Per Cent

A Free Trial Package is Mailed to Everyone Who Writes

A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Atlanta, Ga., has discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He calls it Powdrpaint. It comes to the user as a dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint or weather proof, fire proof and as durable as oil paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about one-fourth as much.

Mr. Rice, 1 Madison Ave., Madison, Morris Co., N. J., and he will send any reader a free trial package, also color card and full information showing just how you can save a good many dollars. Write to-day.

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You can easily earn $25 to $50 a week or you can make more and put your price for your work, when you become a cartoonist. We will prove it to you or your money back during spare time or refund your entire fee.

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We have successfully taught thousands by mail. They are making big money and are independent as well as well. The Arena Way is the only Way. Write to-day for free booklet and full particulars and special proposition.

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THE ACME School of Drawing, 3004 Acme Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.
If interested only about any particular school

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WATER SUPPLY SYSTEMS for COUNTRY HOMES

Gives city conveniences with city prices. Operates automatically by hand or electricity. Ideal for Home Service, Lawns, Gardens, Conservatories and Stables by pumping to a

Cabinet Tank and Tower

with ample pressure for fire protection. Write for Catalog No. 1 Inquire—No Pressure—Wind without a Hurricane—Will last a Life Time. Thousands in Use. References all around you. Without complete, if desired, with Wind Mill, Gasoline Engine, Electric Motor or Hand Power.

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Will Run anywhere with Wheels or Runners
Made of best material and workmanship. Engine—4 H.P., Vertical, Water Cooled. Transmission—Sliding gear, double chain drive. Speed—0 to 30 miles an hour. Control—Foot and hand. Capacity—Two persons, with reasonable load and comfort. Brakes—Foot and hand, on rear wheels. Wheels—Artillery type, 36 inch rear, 30 inch front. Tires—Pneumatic, 3½ inch rear, 3 inch front. Weight—1,000 lbs. Price—$450.00 f. o. b. Chicago.

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We give complete instructions. Catalog free.
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Better than washing machines, because they do not wash the clothes. Better than washing machines, because they do not wash the clothes. Better than washing machines, because they do not wash the clothes. Better than washing machines, because they do not wash the clothes.

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My patent rubs hard, does grinding action' hands and washes clothes in 5 minutes. Will last a lifetime. Guaranteed for 5 years. Sent from generator and all engine dealers upon written request. Send us name of your dealer if he does not handle. Agents, canvassers, circulars, 1 to 15 inches, counties or State of entire territory. Write for terms and prices. Address, Dept. 1, Rochester Gasoline Washer Co., Rochester, N. Y., or Chicago, Ill.

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Help us introduce our New Antiseptic Perfection Sweet Cleaner. Sells on sight. Big profits. Half the Money. Write for 10 packages, all to be sold at 10 cents each. When sold send us $1.00 and keep $1.00 for your trouble. Address THE MELROSE CO.
29 Main St. Melrose Highlands, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell the Handiest Practical Household Article ever sold. Pocket Knife.

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STAMPS 50 diff. stamps, Venezuela, Servia, etc., 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed 18c. 1000 hinges, 2c. 65 diff. U. S. to Austria 50c. 120 Fine U. S. Envelopes 50c. 10 diff. Canada 10c. Agents wanted. 50% com. List free. Big bargain list 2c. Approvals.

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SECURED BY PATENT EXPERTS. PAMPHLET FREE.
E. G. SIGGERS, Washington, D. C.

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present rate it could all be finished in four years. The thing that is expected to make the work last two or three years longer than that is the matter of dams and locks—an affair the French never had to touch at all.

The United States at Tokyo

An olive branch at the World's Fair

THE recommendation in the President's message that the United States should be worthily represented at the Tokyo Exposition of 1912 has been seconded by Senator Cullom, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, who has introduced a bill appropriating $350,000 toward our display. The Cullom bill provides for a Commissioner-General, with an assistant and secretary. The President's cordial references to the Tokyo Exposition in his message had the happiest effect on public opinion in Japan, and prompt action by Congress would not only confirm this effect but would serve a useful purpose in silencing rumormongers in Europe. If we were thinking of fighting Japan we should not be spending our money and effort in promoting her fair.

Even apart from any diplomatic reasons for making a good display at Tokyo, a failure to do so would be extremely bad business. The Japanese exposition will be the first World's Fair of the highest class to be held on the Asiatic side of the Pacific. Possible customers will swarm there. Our Asiatic trade has not been in a very healthy condition of late, and we can hardly afford to neglect any opportunity of advancing it. For the same reason the efforts of selfish claimants to blood in the House the bill now passed by the Senate for the relief of China from the excessive indemnity imposed upon her after the Boxer troubles deserves as little consideration from the point of view of national business as from that of morals.

The Pan-American Railroad

South American lines working northward

A CORPS of Chilean engineers that has been studying the scheme of a railroad along the Pacific Coast of South America from Arica to Santiago reports that of the entire distance of 1,502 miles the road is already in operation for 1,115 miles, 122 miles more are under construction, and contracts are still to be let for 265 miles. This enterprise might be made to represent a very considerable section of the Pan-American Railway, which, like the Cape-to-Cairo line, never could be built as a single undertaking, but will some day grow into a reality by the coalescence of a number of local roads. The railway systems of Canada, the United States, and Mexico are all connected down to the Guatemalan border, and Central America has a number of short lines which, when linked together, will make a through route as far as the Panama Canal. In the south Argentina and Chile have a connected network of railroads which the Santiago-Arica line will carry up almost to the Peruvian boundary. From Arica the route will cross the Andes to La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, continuing northward along the great plateau through Cuzco and Apurimac to Lima. The chief obstacle for the construction of the Arica-La Paz line, 335 miles long, has just been let to German interests for $15,000,000. The work is to be finished within four years. A line along the coast to Panama would be hard and costly to build, would command comparatively little business, and would be in sharp competition with the coasting steamers. On the other side of the mountains there is a rich country with no access to markets, and a railroad connecting the headwaters of the splendid South American river system would be sure of a profitable local business to hack up the glory of linking the northern and southern continents. On that side, too, there will probably be a direct connection with the Argentine system through Bolivia.

Mossbacks in Oklahoma

Censorious criticisms of financial panaceas

IT SEEMS that there are some people in Oklahoma who find it hard to keep up with the dizzy whirl of events in that enterprising young State. One of them writes to COLLIER'S:

"I am glad to see you speak so kindly of Oklahoma's new deposit guaranty law. It is not strange that people have been losing their money through bank failures during all elapsed time when it could be so easily stopped by just making a law like the banks and their own interest. It shows how easy it is to set things right when the right men take hold. And just think how we people have been kept in ignorance for years, as being incapable of self-government, when we were overflowing with ability sufficient to legislate for the world.

"This law of insurance deposit will benefit the whole continent, as it compels other States to enact the same sort of law in order to keep all the money from flowing into Oklahoma.

"I attribute the superior intelligence of this State to the fact that all the most enterprising men come West.

"We are going to straighten out a lot of things. The bank matter was pressing hardest, and we have fixed that except that we overlooked the desirability of putting in a clause protecting the stockholders as well as the depositors, but we can do that yet. We expect also to make laws that will require lawyers to maintain a fund to protect those who deal with them against loss, to prevent females from riding astride, and to require hotel bed-sheets to be nine feet long.

"Look at our wonderful constitution that we have made (with assistance of Mr. Bryan). We have initiative and referendum, and other things too numerous

$25.00 Per Week

If You Earn Less

I can DOUBLE it and more besides or income by starting you here in some light, pleasant business.

My System of Instruction by Mail is the only one in existence that has 24 hearty endorsements from men who have made from $1,000 to $5,000 a year in addition to salary, and I have letters from them to prove it, together with the most remarkable testimonials from others who have made from $25 to $100 per week in their spare time. Some of them never dreamed they could do it, and you have to do your first $100 in your own locality. Write for Booklet 1208, 309 Metropolitan Annex, N. Y.

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Factory Prices. Buy from manufacturer and save $10 to $25. Highest grade 1908 models, with Coaster-Brakes, Puncture-Proof Tires, Guaranteed for 5 years. Write for our Special Offer and Catalog. Do not buy a bicycle or sundries until you get our catalog and offer. It will save you money. Write today.

Tires, Coaster Brakes, rear wheels and sundries at half usual prices.

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And How to Keep It

A Jewett Humidor keeps cigars just as you like them—no dealer has a better arrangement. Write for pamphlet 4.

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Get our new style combo. No. 11, quality remarkable. Guaranteed Factory Rebuilt Typewriters. Visible feed. $3.50 to $100.00 on payments. Write for free catalog. Agents wanted. Special TRIAL. Do not buy a typewriter until you get our catalog. Write today for free catalog No. 11.

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$49 Little Giant

Reliable, Reversible, Two Cycle, Detachable Power. Guaranteed One Year. Simple and easy to operate. Write for catalog and name of agent if sale is desired. Little Giant Engine Co., 1 Main St., Lansing, Mich.

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We give a $3000 House, Lot and Furniture, Piano, Watch, Tracking, Hunting, Shotgun, Rifle, Gold Ring, Bicycle and 1000 other premiums. Hundreds of letters from happy winners. Send for free list of premiums.

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Send for Home Journal, giving photographs, floor plans and all details. The home and 1000 premiums. Hundreds of letters from happy winners. Send for free list of premiums.

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Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and What to Invent sent free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured. Send sketch or model for search. Charges reasonable. Patents secured by us advertised free in our inventor's exchange. Patents procured through us bought or sold. Our Motto: Quick Action, Reasonable Charges, Honorable Dealing. Address, E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

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25 NEW HIGH-GRADE POST CARDS Beautiful Comic and Other Cards, Actresses, Etc., all in one handsome collection. Only 10c. Agents wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for our Big Catalog. Big Profits. Big Money. Write today. Address, E. M. Ferguson, Dept. 1208, Toronto, Canada.

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MUSIC LESSONS FREE AT YOUR HOME. Our Booklet tells how. Write for it and for our Catalogue. Sheet Music, Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, etc. Write American School of Music, 981 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago.

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STERLING SEEDS

Up in the Northwest is a firm, now 24 years in business, which sells good seeds. The Minneapolis Daily Times, Jan 15, 1903, said editorially

"It's not too much to say that through the new and improved varieties of seeds introduced by Northrup, King & Co during the past twenty-one years, Millions of dollars have been added to the permanent value of Northwestern farm lands. Of such firms as Northrup, King & Co. it may truly be said, 'They deserve well of the state.'"

(That's how we stand at home.)

Our Minnesota Grown Grass, Field & Clover Seeds

produce larger crops than seed from any other source. Our Sterling Brands represent the highest quality and purest seed obtainable anywhere—at any price. Samples on application. Large magnifying glass to determine quality, free to purchasers. See catalog, page 101.

Vegetable & Flower Seeds

We send free to buyers of $1.00 worth of seeds from our catalog an extra dollar's worth of the varieties we consider to be the best in their class. See catalog, page 4.

The Marvelous Perfume Plant

This is one of the most wonderful plants earth holds for delight. It opens in the evening and exhales a delicious and far carrying fragrance—perfuming the whole garden. Easily grown in any climate and on any soil. For 10 cents we will mail a full size packet of seed of the perfume plant and

Our 1908 Catalog

A seed catalog is a picture of the firm issuing it. Ours is factful, informing and straightforward. That's the kind of business we conduct. Write today and tell us your seed needs—we can supply them. Send for catalog anyway; it's free

NORTHRUP, KING & CO.
SEEDSMEN
114 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

$7.15 Buys the BEST 120-EGG INCUBATOR ever made

Branches: St. Paul, Buffalo, Kansas City, Detroit

Freight Prepaid East of Rockies

Double cases all over; best copper tank; nursery, self-regulating. Best 100 chick hot-water Brooder, $4.85. Both ordered together, $11.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed. No machines at any price are better. Write for our book today or send price now and save waiting.
BELLE CITY INCUBATOR CO., Box 78, Racine, Wis

Our Book "Landscape Gardening for Amateurs"

with over a hundred plans of grounds, flower beds and formal gardens, is a valuable guide to those interested in beautiful surroundings. Ninety pages beautifully illustrated, with necessary information to lay out and plant in an artistic and attractive way Home Grounds, also School, University, Sanitarium and Factory Grounds. Order it today. Price $1.00 postpaid.
Wagner Park Conservatories
Box 307, Sidney, Ohio

100% HATCHES 100%
Every Fertile Egg

The Globe Incubator does this all the time—has done it for 16 years—and hatches strong, healthy chicks—chicks that live and grow. Our Globe Incubator Book with beautiful color plates tells you how to make more money out of poultry. Send for 4c in stamps. Write today. C. C. Shoemaker, Box 339, Freeport, Ill.

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Write today for free booklet and learn how to grow mushrooms for big profits in cellars, stables, boxes, etc., entire year. We do it. So can you. Surprising returns from small space with little expense. Big market. We sell best spawn and teach you our methods free.
Dept. 54, NAT'L SPAWN & MUSHROOM CO., Boston, Mass.

If interested in poultry, write for our new booklet
20 Years with Poultry
Illustrated. Brimful of facts and up-to-date ideas for the advanced poultry-raiser. FREE!
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Bigger Poultry Profit for You If you know the secret of picking the layers from the non-layers in your flock. The Potter System teaches this. Keep only layers, they are the payers. Over 15,000 use our system and make more money. Send for free circulars, also our large 64 page catalog on Poultry House Fixtures, Perfection Feed Hoppers, Trap Nests, Incubators, Brooders, etc. Write us to-day, we can interest you in something. Potter Poultry Products are for Particular Poultry People. T. F. POTTER & COMPANY, Box X, DOWNERS GROVE, ILL.

240-EGG INCUBATOR $10.95

120 Egg Incubator - $8.50
60 Egg Incubator - $5.00
100 Chick Outdoor Brooder $5.00
100 Chick Indoor Brooder - $4.00

Why pay double these prices for machines that are no better? Reliance Incubators and Brooders sent complete with all attachments. Send for free book giving full particulars. We save you money and guarantee satisfaction.
Reliance Incubator Co., Box 580, Freeport, Ill.

BLIZZARD BELT EVERGREENS

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Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices

All leading varieties pure bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls Northern-raised, healthy and vigorous. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for our big 132-page book, "Poultry For Profit," full of pictures. It tells you how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. Send 4 cents for the book, to cover postage.
J. W. Miller Company, Box 21, Freeport, Ill.

MODEL MONEY MAKERS

Poultry is a profitable crop on the farms where Model Incubators and Brooders are used. If you are not making big money on your chickens, write for my book. It tells how.
MODEL INCUBATOR CO.
Chas. A. Cyphers, Pres.
344 Henry St, Buffalo, N. Y.

Anybody Can Make Money

WITH A QUEEN

$50.00 a Month made by Some

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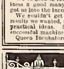
We've been in the chicken-raising business a good many years. That's what got us into the incubator business.

We couldn't get machines that would give us the results we wanted, so we made our own after our own practical ideas. Since then we've sold over 80,000 successful machines.

Queen Incubators are successful because they are practical—run themselves—hatch vigorous chicks and lots of 'em—pay for themselves with one hatch.

That's why their users are making from $30 to $50 from each machine they operate. Just send for our big, 100-page Free Queen Book—tells all about our 3 months' trial plan with 5 Years' guarantee. You can't fail with the Queen.

We help you get started right and help you as long as you want help. Write for book today.
QUEEN INCUBATOR CO., Box 55, Lincoln, Neb.



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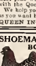

and Almanac for 1909 contains 250 pages, with many fine colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators and how to operate them. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's really an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Price only 15 cts
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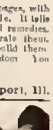
Big Money in Poultry

Our big Poultry book tells how to make it. How to breed, feed and market for best results. 100 Illustrations. Describes largest pure bred poultry farm in the world. Tells how to start small and grow big. All about our 30 leading varieties. Quotes lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed for 4c in postage.
F. FOY, BOX 24, DES MOINES, IOWA

RAISE CHICKENS FOR PROFIT



Johnson, the Incubator man, has started thousands of beginners. His Famous Old Trusty Incubator is surest and simplest. Runs itself and pays for itself. Sold direct on 40 days' trial. Freight prepaid. Send for his free poultry book. It will make you money.
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TREES $5 PER 100, FREIGHT PAID Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Peach and Carolina Poplars, healthy, true to name and fumigated. All kinds of trees and plants at low wholesale prices. Remember we beat all other reliable Nurseries in quality and price. Catalogue free. Reliance Nursery, Box 871, Geneva, N. Y.

Build Your Own Incubators and Brooders
I show you how. With My Free Plans a boy ten years old can do it successfully. I furnish all parts not possible for you to make. Easy interesting work. Write for catalog and plans, both free.
H. M. SHEER COMPANY, Box 252, Quincy, Illinois.

STARK Nurseries Pay Cash Weekly and Want More Salesmen Everywhere. Best Contract, Best Outfit, Largest Nurseries. NEW Fruit Book Free. STARK BRO'S. LOUISIANA, MO.

to mention. We have a law for loaning the public money to the farmers at less than Wall Street rates, and we intend to bust every trust that gets within the State. Watch us.

"Yet there are some kickers even here. My neighbor, who is a lawyer, says Dr. W. J. Bryan's dog is dead, and he is using Oklahoma in its place to try new medicines on. He says it is unconstitutional to tax one part of the people to make up losses to another part of the people, and cites cases to show that taxation can only be for maintenance of the government, and that the bank insurance law takes private property without adequate compensation and applies it to private uses. He says the Supreme Court will knock the law into a cocked hat.

"He says our State constitution is a curiosity to the Almighty, and that the legislature is tacking an emergency clause to all laws so as to cut out the referendum. He says it is not true that the best people come West, that they mostly stay East, and only those come West that can not stand the pressure of civilization, owing to lack of intelligence or integrity.

"He says our State is in control of Arkansas and Texas sawbucks (meaning such people as sign their names with an X), and other offscourings.

"Another neighbor, who is a banker, says he is going to nationalize his bank, and then there will be no guaranteed place of deposit in this vicinity unless somebody starts a new bank. He says he is not going to be tied up with a lot of plungers, and that the whole system will go to smash.

"Such people as these are a great hindrance to a State. Now, Mr. Editor, please send somebody who will start a bank here. I expect soon to have a lot of money of my own, as I own some stock in a Nevada gold mine, which the management assures me is about to pay heavy dividends, and I need a safe place to keep it. Yours truly, F. E. STONE.

"P. S.—Since writing the above I am informed that the gentlemen who so successfully conducted the bucket-shop until their customers ran out of money are going to open a State bank, so we shall have a guaranteed institution after all. "F. E. S.

"NEWKIRK, OKLA., January 25, 1908."

The bank guaranty law went into effect on the 15th of February, and the country will soon know definitely whether Oklahoma is a financial model or a horrible example.

Letters

of a JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

By HASHIMURA TOGO

XII—Making Look Like of Lincoln

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 29, 1908

To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY where Truth is often found on shrines & Virtue finds very comfortable rocking-chair,

DEAREST SIR:

JAPANESE Schoolboys does not addict therselves to gleeful laugh of mirth, because some Noble Thought might escape away never to be catched. What say American songer, Hon. Seth Lowell, about almanac,

"What is so scarce as a day in June?"

Answer is: A Noble Thought is more scarcer!

And yet this morning-time I was uttering several gleeful screams which was unavoidable to dodge. Editorial of newspaper-print say, "Hon. Jo-uncle Cannon must be voted for because of face which have close shave to that of Hon. Abraham Lincoln." Then I was to blame for them mirthfulness which almost-so cause race-riot in Japanese section.

It has became fashionable in this kingdom, Mr. Editor, for candidates wishing to become President to resemble Hon. Abraham Lincoln so closely as possible to. This is frequently difficult. Hon. Cannon is like Hon. Lincoln to roots of whiskers, but them foliage does not indicate very much about what is going on inside of soul. Difference between Hon. Lincoln and Hon. Cannon is difference between high-thinking and high-tariff. Resemblance of them two great Statesmen is only chin-deep. I. Anazuma, Japanese barber, say-how that expressions of Hon. Fairbanks & Hon. Hughes could be changed by trimming to make look-like of Hon. Lincoln. I am alarmed to think. Perhaps-so that famous globe-racer Hon. Taft might be also arranged over in some way, but would he not lose considerable solid Japanese vote in doing thus? I am amazed to reply.

Maybe it would be more human-natural for candidates wishing to enjoy election to hire from some costumer following masquerade:

Hon. Cannon disguised as Abraham Lincoln.

Hon. Taft disguised as Bismarck.

Hon. Hughes disguised as Viscount Aoki.

Hon. Cortelyou disguised as John Drew.

Hon. Bryan disguised as Elbert Hubbard.

Hon. Fairbanks disguised as Uriah Heep.

Them costumes might be payed for by Campaign Contributions, but will they? Wall Street regard bribing as sinful during depression of hard times.

BEFORE leaving off from Tokyo for these Uniteds State I was considerably weeped over by my Rev. Grandfather, Japanese of elderly principles, who say-so to me, "Togo, you are going to that wild kingdom of America which is very full of savage Christians. Do not go to Indiana because Indians is found there."

"I am disgusted to think," I commute. "What shall I do in this America so as not to disgrace my long row of ancestors?"

"Find yourself some Ideal," corrode Hon. Grandfather. "Make pick-out of some famous American what you can live up to them. Select to be like George Washington, Abraham Lincoln or E. H. Harriman. Thank you to choose."

So I leave that dear ancestor to his rice-cake, tea-drunk, hara-kiri and other Japanese customs and take Nippon Maru-boat for America. When I arrive to wharf I meet Cousin Nogi and enquire to know,

"Should Japanese Boy imitate performances of Hon. E. H. Harriman in order to become immediately im-mortal?"

"Too dangerous to do!" indicate this Nogi with American eye-wink. "Hon. Harriman is now being regulated by law."

"How about Hon. Washington and Hon. Lincoln to copy for famous career?" I magnetize for emotion.

"Hon. Washington could not tell a lie, while Hon. Lincoln was celebrated for gleeful anecdotes. Therefore Lincoln was most ablest man of them two. Also because of early struggly of career he was noble example for all Japanese Schoolboys enjoying poverty for American education."

Then Cousin Nogi, who is very addicted to paragraphs of Hon. Ida M.

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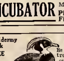

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Laundering Collars 2c each	.24
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Turbell, tell me following history of early Lincoln:

"When Hon. Abe Lincoln enjoy seven years of oldness," exclaims this Nogi, "he desire to be President of these United States which was then a republick by government.

"How can you manage to be this President and yet work on farm?' his Rev. Mother enquire to know.

"' By running odd-jobs before times & book-study afterwards,' modest this youthful enthusiasm with sailing expression.

"So with immediate quickness he obtain job of employment mowing grass, running elevator and keeping books for neighboring farmer, and also filled some soil for people. When not doing this he was studying Plato to Be President,' a book by George Washington who was then enjoying pension for oldness.

"In book-studies & job-duties Hon. Lincoln spend 24 hours daily. Balance of time was devoted to recreations, sleep & other idleness of amusement. This continual drudgery of employment teach that Lincoln many useful things," continue this Nogi at expiration of this history.

"Ah yes!" I collapse, "it teach him to sympathise for them Negroes who was also enjoying slavery."

I AM natural to ask question: Was it good thing to request them Negroes to stop shving? I have required for reply of several Japanese about this Negro Problem, but they are inumerous to reply, "We do not know any such colored acquaintances, thank you!" And they are proud about it. I wrote letter of this Question to Hon. Booker Washington who answered by sending C. O. D. "How I Quit Being One," a delightful vol ume full of adjectives. How to know about Negro Question then?

I at last become acquaintance of Hon. J. Fortescue Smith, Negro-ologered gentleman who does mop-work at saloon of Hon. Strunsky who runs it. If all Negroes is like this Smith it must be a talented race. So filled of eagerness is the performances on Edison phonograph! With such merging pathos do je exercise that famous nero melody, "Cheerful Widow Waltz" from these rubber disks! By how I admire harmonious music of Hon. Smith and that talented mustache—then pretty soon comes around Hon. Strunsky with angry Irish voice to command more purchase of beer or get-out.

At last, Mr. Editor, I go around to grand opera of Williams & Walker and there continue study of Negro Problem. I was very intelligent about this until Hon. Johnson collapsed into raggle-time sing-songing entitled "Susie-Q-Q, La-La. Is wanta you back!" Suddenly I discover my feets performing jin jitsu with themselves under seat. I rebuke them quietly, but they continue to misbehave until, at finally, they strike dark chrgyman in ankle-bone and I am retired from that opera house after considerable race-riot.

O surely, it is wrong for that Afrien to teach them diseases to Europe & Asia! And yet that rag gle-time coon-singing is a species of chorus which shocks a long distance into my mind. I am very earnest about this dark-colored harmony which comes with such splendid spasms through the shoes expressing comic emotions as it does so. Could you send me name and address of some talented Hon. Coon who would furnish them, rimes, jokes, etc., for following poetical thought? For this he will receive ½ of what he gets.

COMIC THOUGHT SUITABLE FOR COON SONG OR SOME OTHER HYMN

On Americus Mara
And on Nippon Mara
Wlen der vapor-boats determined to go
to Nagasaki
And back again to here)
Many Japanese is discovered
With top-up cyar
And high-brow expression.
"Where are you going, Japanese person?"
Enquire sky-rooster perching on coop-deck,
"Where are you going with purse-sack
So full of nickels & dimes?
With Sunday go-meeting clothes on
And such satisfied neckties?"
"Oh!"
Respond Japanese in unison
And make giggly wirth.
"Ask us to know!"
They are smiling through ears with Sherlock Holmes expression.

Hark it!
What was that whistling noition of noise?
Was it sea-wind of Pacific?
Was it typhoon of nature?
Or was it Japanese practising together Tunes from "Mikado" or
Of Hons. Gilbert & Sullivan?

Teeth and nose of these ship,
Nippon Maru and America Maru,
Is painted to Watsonal.
Japan is still somewhere in that direction
And numerous Japanese is on board
This transportation.
Why
Is such quantities of them
On the passenger-table?
Has Japanese immigration
Gone burst
In California?
Has Rev. Mr. Sniperor of Japan
Called Reserves back
For some more handsome defeet of Russia?
Or what?
Expression of kittenish faces is indoyed is
By all Japanese Boys on this ship.)

"Hon. Nippon Maru
And Hon. America Maru,"
Wirelessly telegral Hon. Uncle Sam from shore,
"Where are you going
Away from here
With such heavy ballast of Japanese?"
"Respectable Uncle,"
Reply them ships,
"We are taking all Japanese
Off of California.
They will go Japan,
They will go Satsuma,
They will settle themselves on Corea
And less disgusting parts of China."
Pretty soon
All will be depart from California.
Then who
To general housework, table-wait, manufacture atsumon in cannery, fruit-pick, employment bureau and other useful exersises for good of people?
Pretty soonly all America will entirety together,
"Where is Hon. dear Japanese West to?"
And Do Nippon with far-gone wheeze will distant reply,
"Away from here!
Away from that!
And other educational features.
Japanese have cause to America To learn things.
They has learned them and went."

On Nippon Maru
And America Maru
(Similar vapor-boats determined to go to Nagasaki
And back again to here)
These imaginary things I speak-so Japanese have cause to America
Perhaps not.

IN a soon letter of the future I wish to tell you about one new party of politicks which the Japanese Thinking Society of which I am a member(ship) is preparing to begin. This new Party of Politicks, I am hopeful to know, is much better than Republican and Democratic parties of present. Perhaps it is not any worser. What do you imagine would be recommendation of following new candidates:

For President—Hon. J. D. Rockefeller.
For Vice-President—Hon. B. F. Tillman.
All well here with exception L. Anastasia who is dead.
Hoping you are the same,
I am,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P.—Tell me to know this: M. Shaw the favorite son of ——— H. T.

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Window Trimmer	Surveyor
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Civil Service	Building Contractor
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Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
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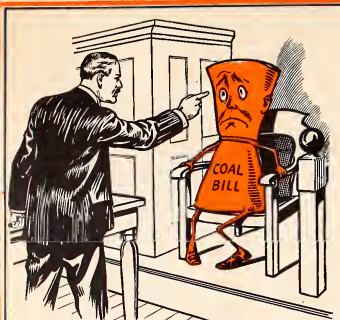

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